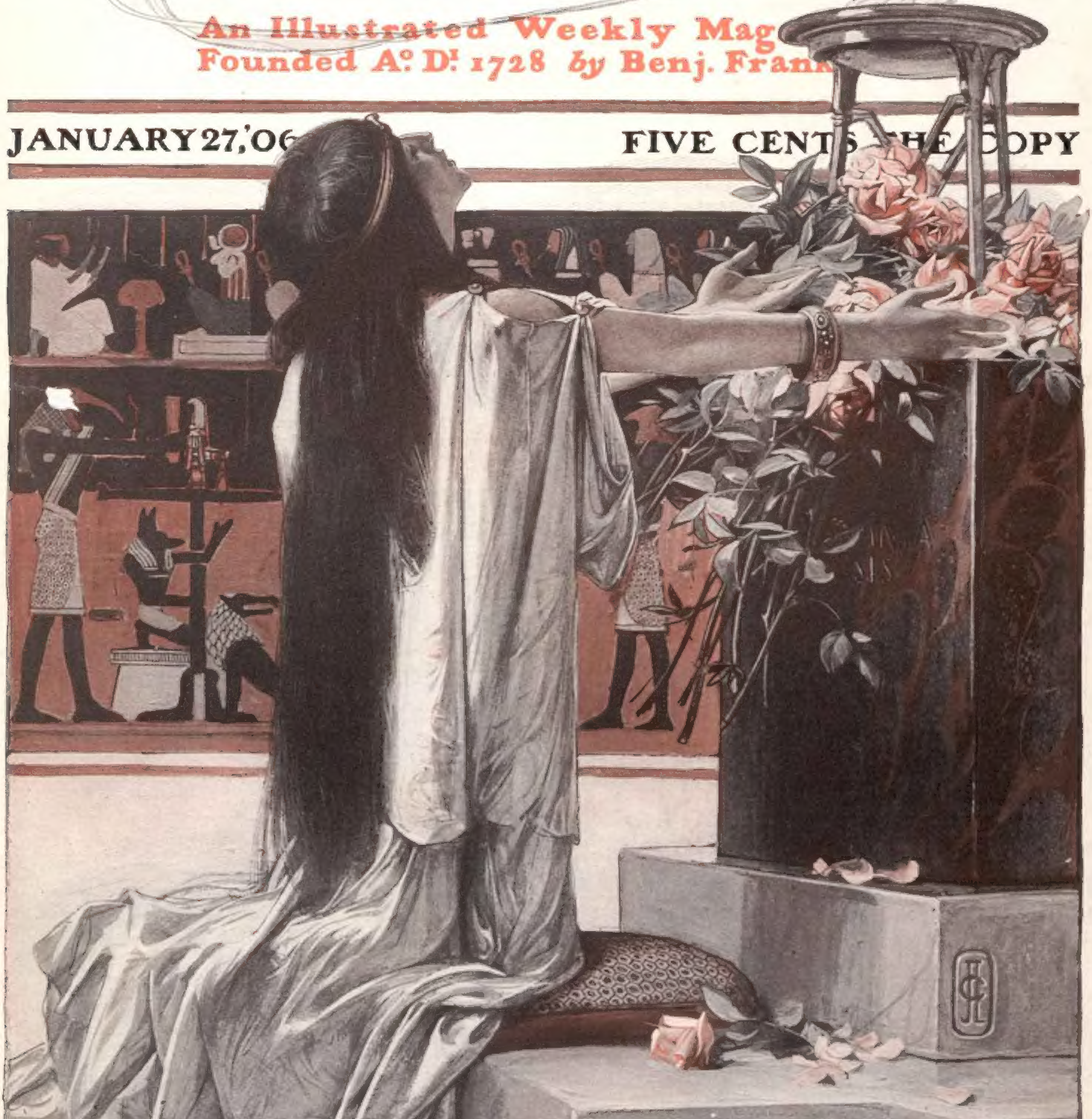
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Mag
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Frank

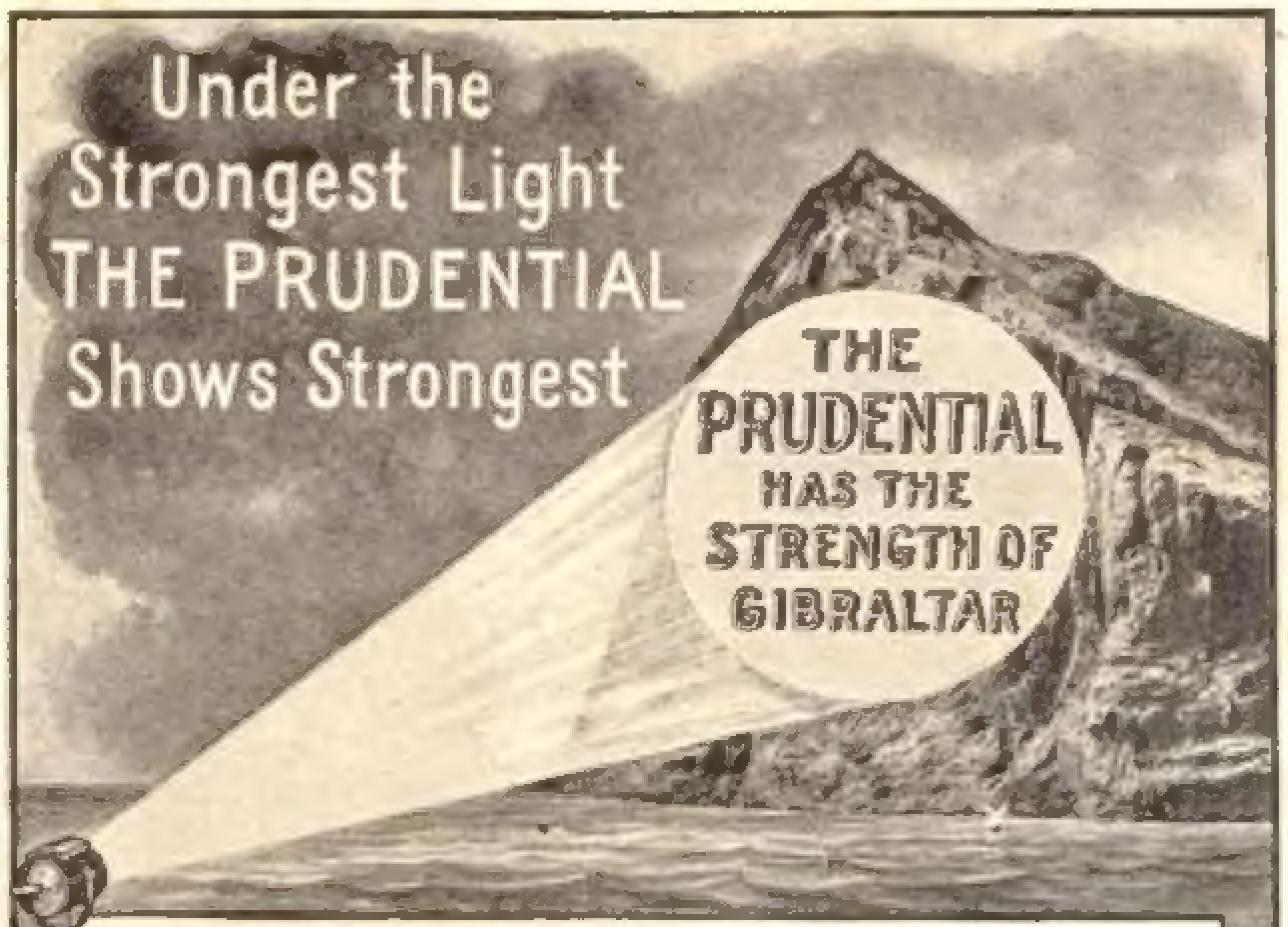
JANUARY 27,'06 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

THE FALSE GODS

A TALE OF OLD EGYPT AND
LITTLE OLD NEW YORK



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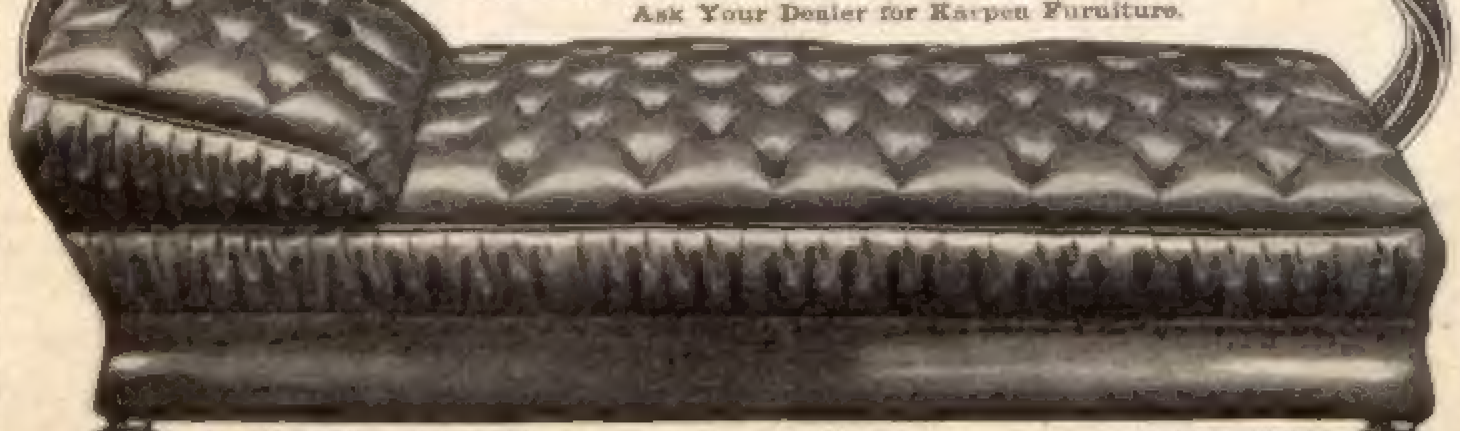

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 178 PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 27, 1906 Number 31

DRAWN BY GUERNSEY MOORE

The FALSE GODS

A TALE OF OLD EGYPT AND LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

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I

IT WAS shortly after ten o'clock one morning when Ezra Simpkins, a reporter from the Boston Banner, entered the Oriental Building, that dingy pile of brick and brownstone which covers a block on Sixth Avenue, and began to hunt for the office of the Royal Society of Egyptian Exploration and Research. After wandering through a labyrinth of halls he finally found it on the second floor. A few steps farther on, a stairway led down to one of the side entrances; for the building could be entered from any of the four bounding streets.

Simpkins regarded knocking on doors and sending in cards as formalities which served merely to tempt people of a retiring disposition to lie; so, when he walked into the waiting-room and found it deserted, he passed through it quickly and opened the door beyond. But if he had expected this manœuvre to bring him within easy distance of the person whom he was seeking, he was disappointed. He had simply walked into a small outer office. A self-sufficient youth of twelve, who was stuffed into a bebuttoned suit, was its sole occupant.

"Hello, bub!" said Simpkins to this Cerberus of the threshold. "Mrs. Athelstone in?" and he drew out his letter of introduction; for he had instantly decided to use it in place of a card, as being more likely to gain him admittance.

"Aw, fergit it," the youth answered with fine American independence. "I'll let youse know when your turn comes, an' youse can keep your ref'rences till you're asked for 'em," and he surveyed Simpkins with marked disfavor.

The reporter made no answer and asked no questions. Until that moment he had not known that he had a turn, but, if he had, he did not propose to lose it by any foolish slip. So he settled down in his chair and began to turn over his assignment in his mind.

That Simpkins had come over to New York was due to the conviction of his managing editor, Mr. Naylor, that a certain feature which had been shaping up in his head would possess a peculiar interest if it could be "led" with a few remarks by Mrs. Athelstone. Though her husband, the Rev. Alfred W. R. Athelstone, was a Church of England clergyman, whose interest in Egyptology had led him to accept the presidency of the American branch of the Royal Society, she was a leader among the Theosophists. And now that the old head of the cult was dead, it was rumored that Mrs. Athelstone had announced the reincarnation of Madame Blavatsky in her own person. This in itself was a good "story," but it was not until a second rumor reached Naylor's ears that his newspaper soul was stirred to its yellowest depths. For there was in Boston an association known as the American Society for the Investigation of Ancient Beliefs, which was a rival of the Royal Society in its good work of laying bare with pick and spade the buried mysteries along the Nile. And this rivalry, which was strong between the societies and bitter between their presidents, became acute in the persons of their secretaries, both of whom were women. Madame Gianclis, who served the Boston Society, boasted Egyptian blood in her veins, a claim which Mrs. Athelstone, who acted as secretary for her husband's society, politely conceded, with the qualification that some ancestor of her rival had contributed a dash of the Senegambian as well.

This remark, duly reported to Madame Gianclis, had not put her in a humor to concede Madame Blavatsky's soul, or any part of it, to Mrs. Athelstone. Promptly on hearing of her pretensions, so rumor had it, the Boston lady had announced the reincarnation of Theosophy's high priestess in herself. And Boston believers were inclined to accept her view, as it was difficult for them to understand how any soul with liberty of action could deliberately choose a New York residence.

Now all these things had filtered through to Naylor from those just without the temple gates, for whatever the quarrels of the two societies and their members, they tried to keep them to themselves. They had had experience with publicity and had found that ridicule went hand in hand with it in this iconoclastic age. But out of these rumors, unconfirmed though they were, grew a vision in Naylor's brain—a vision of a glorified spread in the Sunday Banner's magazine section. Under a two-page "head," builded cunningly of six sizes of type, he saw ravishingly beautiful pictures of Madame Gianclis and Mrs. Athelstone, and hovering between them the materialized, but homeless, soul of Madame Blavatsky, trying to make choice of an abiding place, the whole enlivened and illuminated with much "snappy" reading matter.

Now Simpkins was the man to make a managing editor's dreams come true, so Naylor rubbed the lamp for him and told him what he craved. But the reporter's success in life had been won by an ability to combine much extravagance of statement in the written with great conservatism in the spoken word. Early in his experience he had learned that Naylor's optimism, though purely professional, entailed unpleasant consequences on the reporter who shared it and then betrayed some too generous trust; so he absolutely refused to admit that there was any basis for it now.

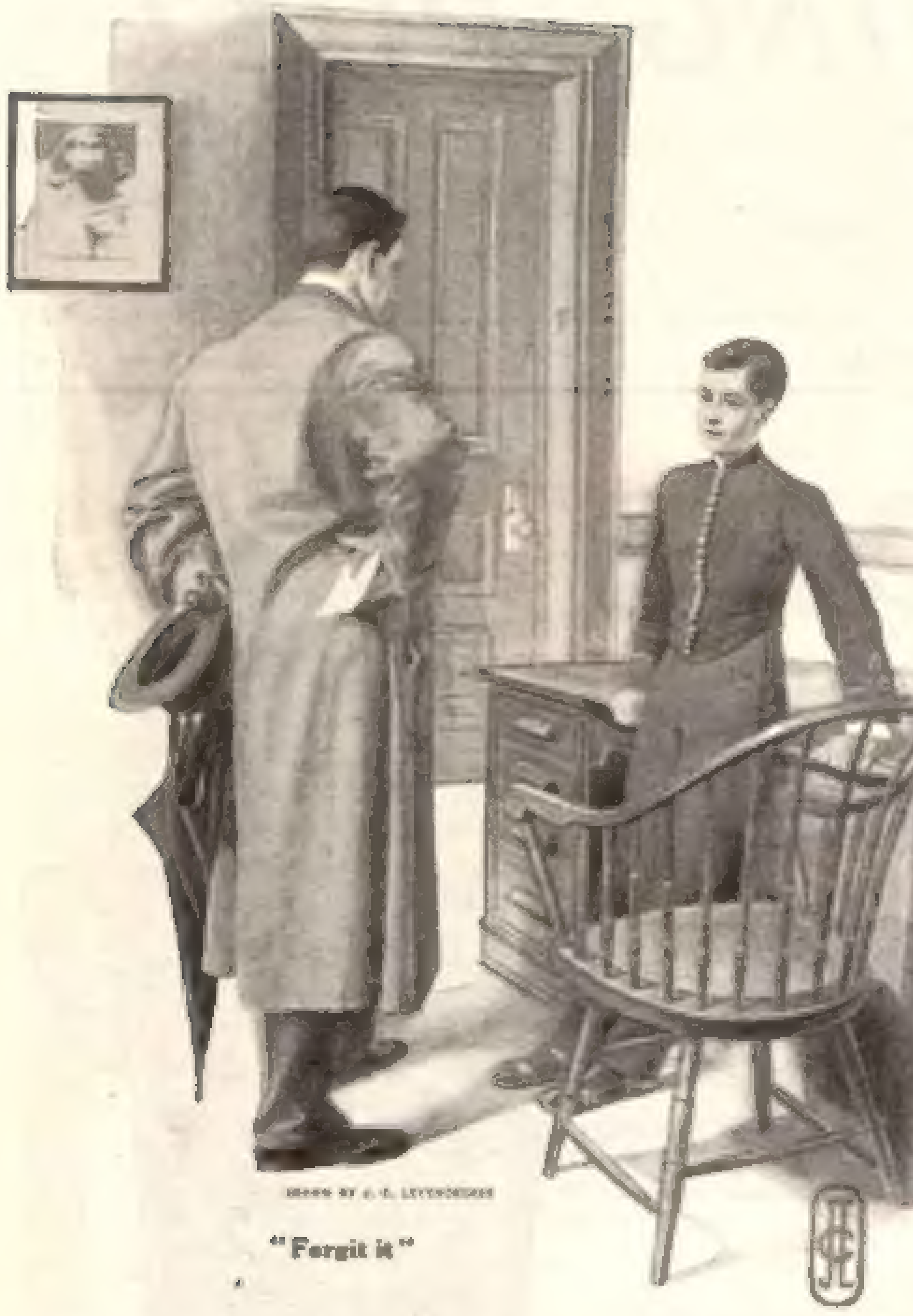
"You know she won't talk to reporters," he protested. "Those New York boys have joshed that whole bunch so they're afraid to say their prayers out loud. Then she's English and dead swell, and that combination's hard to open, unless you have a number in the Four Hundred, and then it ain't refined to try. I can make a pass at her, but it'll be a frost for me."

"Nonsense! you must make her talk, or manage to be around while some one else does," Naylor answered, waving aside obstacles with the noble scorn of one whose business it is to set others to conquer them. "I want a good, snappy interview, understand, and descriptions for some red-hot pictures, if you can't get photos. I'm going to save the spread in the Sunday magazine for that story, and you don't want to slip up on the Athelstone end of it. That hall she's got is just what the story needs for a setting. Get in and size it up."

"You remember what happened to that Courier man who got in?"

"I believe I did hear something about a Courier man's being snaked out of a closet and kicked downstairs. Served him right. *Very* coarse work. Very coarse work, *indeed*.

DRAWN BY GUERNSEY MOORE


DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

"Fergit it"

There's a better way and you'll find it." There was something unpleasantly significant in his voice, as he terminated the interview by swinging around to his desk and picking up a handful of papers, which warned the reporter that he had gone the limit.

Simpkins had heard of the hall, for it had been written up just after Doctor Athelstone, who was a man of some wealth, had assembled in it his private collection of Egyptian treasures. But he knew, too, that it had become increasingly difficult to penetrate since Mrs. Athelstone had been made the subject of some entertaining, but too imaginative, Sunday specials. Still, now that he had properly magnified the difficulties of the undertaking to Naylor, that the disgrace of defeat might be discounted or the glory of achievement enhanced, he believed that he knew a way to gain access to the hall and perhaps to manage a talk with Mrs. Athelstone herself. His line of thought started him for Cambridge, where he had a younger brother whom he was helping through Harvard.

As a result of this fraternal visit, Simpkins minor cut the classes of Professor Alexander Blackburn, the eminent archæologist, for the next week, and went to his other lectures by back streets. For the kindly professor had given him a letter, introducing him to Mrs. Athelstone as a worthy, young student with a laudable thirst for that greater knowledge of Egyptian archæology, ethnology and epigraphy which was to be gained by an inspection of her collection. And it was the possession of this letter which influenced Simpkins major to take the smoking-car and to sit up all night, conning an instructive volume on Ancient Egypt, thereby acquiring much curious information, and diverting two dollars of his expense money to the pocket in which he kept his individual cash balance.

II

FOR five minutes the decorous silence of the anteroom was unbroken. Then the door of the inner office swung open and closed behind a dejected-looking young man, and the boy, without so much as asking for a card, preceded the secretly-elated Simpkins into the hall.

They had stepped from the present into the past. Simpkins found himself looking between a double row of pillars, covered with hieroglyphics in red and black, to an altar of polished black basalt, guarded on either side by stone sphinxes. Behind it, straight from the lofty ceiling, fell a veil of black velvet, embroidered with golden scarabæi, and fringed with violet. The approach, a hundred paces or more, was guarded by twoscore mummies in black cases, standing upright along the pillars.

"Watcher gawkin' at?" demanded the youth, grinning up at the staring Simpkins. "Lose dat farmer-boy face or it's back to de old homestead for youse. Her royal nibs ain't lookin' for no good milker."

"Oh, I'm just rubbering to see where the goat's kept," the reporter answered, trying to assume a properly metropolitan expression. "Suppose I'll have to take the third degree before I can get out of here."

The youth started noiselessly across the floor, and Simpkins saw that he wore sandals. His own heavy walking-boots rang loudly on the flagged floors and woke the echoes in the vaulted ceiling. He began to tread on tiptoe, as one moves in a death-chamber.

And that was what this great room was: a charnel-house filled with the spoil of tombs and temples. The faint light fluttered down from quaint, triangular windows, set with a checkerwork of brick-red and saffron-colored panes about a central design—a scarlet heart upon a white star, and within that a black scarabæus. The white background of the walls threw into relief the angular figures on the frieze, scenes from old Egyptian life: marriages, games, feasts and battles, painted in the crude colors of early art. Between were paneled pictures of the gods, monstrous and deformed deities, half men, half beasts; and the dado, done in black, pictured the funeral rites of the Egyptians, with explanatory passages from the ritual of the dead. Rudely-sculptured bas-reliefs and intaglios, torn from ancient mastabas, were set over windows and doors, and stone colossi of kings and gods leered and threatened from dusky corners. Sarcophagi of black basalt, red porphyry and pink-veined alabaster, cunningly carved, were disposed as they had been found in the pits of the dead, with the sepulchral vases and the wooden idols beside them.

The descriptions of the place had prepared Simpkins for something out of the ordinary, but nothing like this; and he looked about him with wonder in his eyes and a vague awe at his heart, until he found himself standing in the corner of the hall, to the right of the black altar in the west. Two sarcophagi, one of basalt, the other of alabaster, were placed at right angles to the walls, partially inclosing a small space. Within this inclosure, bowed over a stone table, sat a woman, writing. At either end of the table a mummy case, one black, the other gilt, stood upright. The boy halted just outside this singular private office, and a woman rose and came toward them.

Simpkins had never read Virgil, but he knew the goddess by her walk. She was young—not over thirty—and tall and stately. Her gown was black, some soft stuff which clung about her, and a bunch of violets at her waist made the whole corner faintly sweet. Her features were regular, but of a type strange to Simpkins, the nose slightly aquiline, the lips full and red—vividly so by contrast to the clear white of the skin—and the forehead low and straight. Black hair waved back from it, and was caught up by the coils of a golden asp, from whose lifted head two rubies gleamed. Doubtless a woman would have pronounced her gown absurd and her way of wearing her hair an intolerable affectation. But it was effective with the less discriminating animal—instantly so with Simpkins.

And then she raised her eyes and looked at him. To the first glance they were dusky eyes, deep and fathomless, changing swiftly to the blue-black of the northern skies on a clear winter night, and flashing out sharp points of light, like star-rays. He knew that in that glance he had been weighed, gauged and classed, and, though he was used to questioning Governors and Senators quite unabashed and unafraid, he found himself standing awkward and ill-at-ease in the presence of this woman.

Had she addressed him in Greek or Egyptian, he would have accepted it as a matter of course. But when she did speak it was in the soft, clear tones of a well-bred Englishwoman, and what she said was commonplace enough.

"I suppose you've called to see about the place?" she asked.

"Ye-es," stammered Simpkins, but with wit enough to know that he had come at an opportune moment. If there were a place, decidedly he had called to see about it.

"And who sent you?" she continued, and he understood that he was not there in answer to a want advertisement.

"Professor Blackburn." And he presented his letter and went on, with a return of his glibness: "You see, I've been working my way through Harvard—preparing for the ministry—Congregationalist. Found I'd have to stop and go to work regularly for a while before I could finish. So I've come over here, where I can attend the night classes at Columbia at the same time. And as I'm interested in Egyptology, and had heard a good deal about your collection, I got that letter to you. Thought you might know some one in the building who wanted a man, as work in a place like this would be right in my line. Of course, if you're looking for any one, I'd like to apply for the place." And he paused expectantly.

"I see. You want to be a Dissenting minister, and you're working for your education. Very creditable of you, I'm sure. And you're a stranger in New York, you say?"

"Utter," returned Simpkins.

Mrs. Athelstone proceeded to question him at some length about his qualifications. When he had satisfied her that he was competent to attend to the easy, clerical work of the office and to care for the more valuable articles in the hall, things which she was afraid to leave to the regular cleaners, she concluded:

"I'm disposed to give you a trial, Mr. Simpkins, but I want you to understand that under no circumstances are you to talk about me or your work outside the office. I've been so hunted and harried by reporters——" And her voice broke. "What I want above all else is a clerk that I can trust."

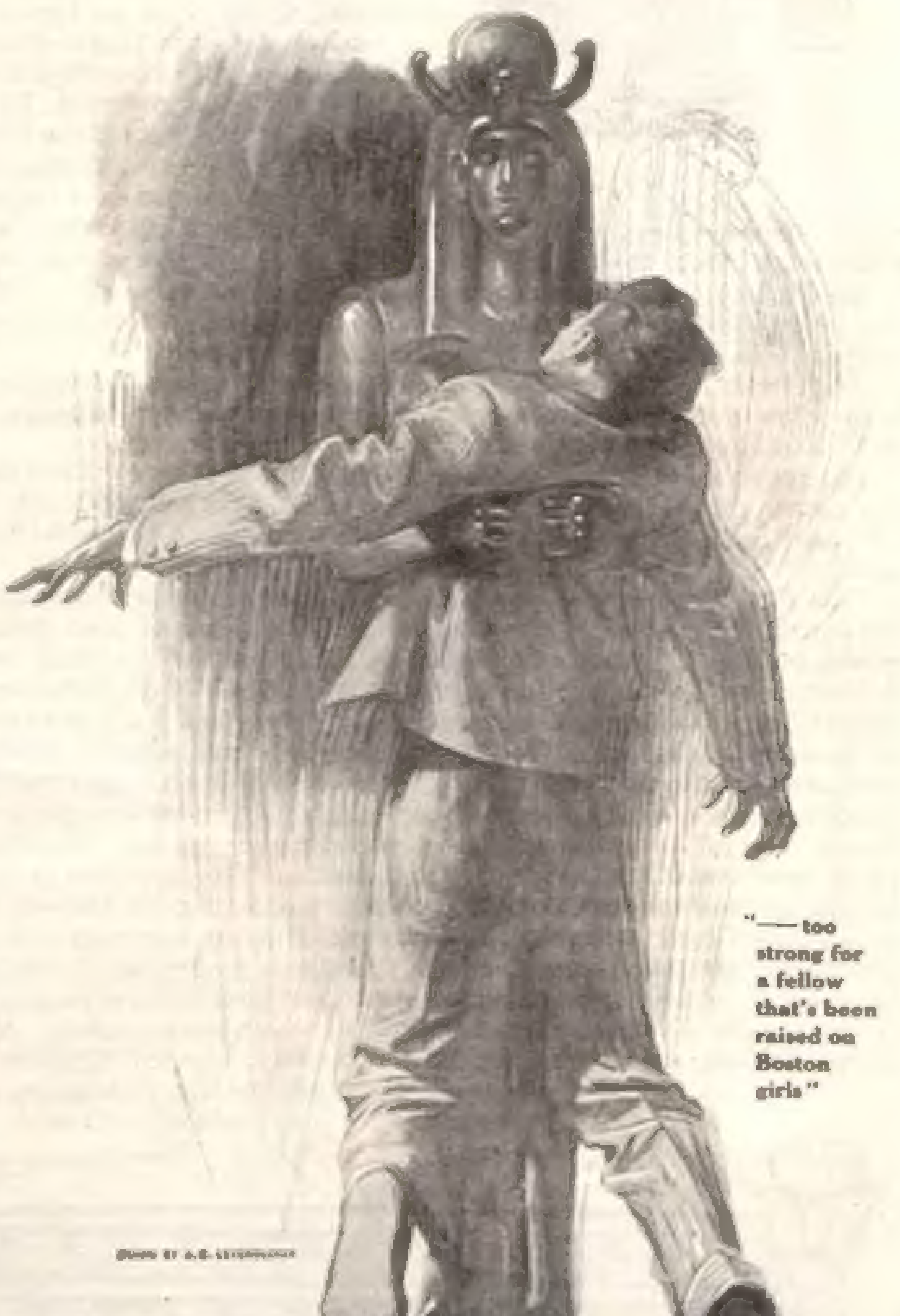
The assurance which Simpkins gave in reply came harder than all the lies he had told that morning, and, someway, none of them had slipped out so smoothly as usual. He was a fairly truthful and tender-hearted man outside his work, but in it he had accustomed himself to regard men and women in a purely impersonal way, and their troubles and scandals simply as material. In his world, nothing was worth while unless it had a news value; and nothing was sacred that had. But he was uneasily conscious now that he was doing a deliberately brutal thing, and for the first time he felt that regard for a subject's feelings which is so fatal to success in certain branches of the new journalism. But he repressed the troublesome instinct, and when Mrs. Athelstone dismissed him a few minutes later, it was with the understanding that he should report the next morning, ready for work.

He stopped for a moment in the antechamber on the way out; for the bright light blinded him, and there were red dots before his eyes. He felt a little subdued, not at all like the self-confident man who had passed through the oaken door ten minutes before. But nothing could long repress the exuberant Simpkins, and as he started down the stairway to the street he was exclaiming to himself:

"Did you butt in, Simp., old boy, or were you pushed?"

III

AT NINE o'clock the next morning Simpkins presented himself at the Society's office, and a few minutes later he found himself in the fascinating presence of Mrs. Athelstone. He soon grasped the details of his simple duties, and then, like a lean, awkward mastiff, padded along at her heels while she moved about the hall and pointed out the things which would be under his care.


DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

"—— too strong for a fellow that's been raised on Boston girls"

"If I were equal to it, I should look after these myself," she explained. "Careless hands would ruin this case." And she touched the gilt mummy beside her writing-table affectionately. "She was a queen—Nefruari, daughter of the King of Ethiopia. They called her 'the good and glorious woman.' "

"And this—this black boy?" questioned Simpkins respectfully. "Looks as if he might have lived during the eighteenth dynasty." He had not been poring over volumes on Ancient Egypt for two nights without knowing a thing or two about black mummies.

"Quite right, Simpkins," Mrs. Athelstone replied, evidently pleased by his interest and knowledge. "He was Amosis, a king of the eighteenth dynasty, and Nefruari's husband. A big, powerful man!"

"What a bully cigarette brand he'd make!" thought Simpkins, and aloud he added:

"They must have been a fine-looking pair."

"Indeed, yes," was the earnest answer, and so they moved about the hall, she explaining, he listening and questioning, until at last they stood before the black altar in the west and the veil of velvet. Simpkins saw that there was an inscription carved in the basalt, and, drawing nearer, slowly spelled out:

TIBI
VNA QVE
ES OMNIA
DEA ISIS

"And what's behind the curtain?" he began, turning toward Mrs. Athelstone.

"The truth, of course. But remember," and her tone was half serious, "none but an adept may look behind the veil and live."

"The truth is my long suit," returned Simpkins mendaciously. "So I'll take a chance." As he spoke, the heavy velvet fell aside and disclosed a statue of a woman carved in black marble. It stood on a pedestal of bronze, overlaid with silver, and above and behind were hangings of blue-gray silk. A brilliant ray of light beat down on it. Glancing up, Simpkins saw that it shone from a crescent moon in the arched ceiling above the altar. Then his eyes came back to the statue. There was something so lifelike in the pose of the figure, something so winning in the smile of the face, something so alluring in the outstretched arms, that he involuntarily stepped nearer.

"And now that you've seen Isis, what do you think of her?" asked Mrs. Athelstone, breaking the momentary silence.

"She's the real thing—the naked truth, sure enough," returned Simpkins with a grin.

"It *is* a wonderful statue!" was the literal answer. "There's no other like it in the world. Doctor Athelstone found it near Thebes, and took a good deal of pride in arranging this shrine. The device *is* clever; the parting of the veil, you see, makes the light shine down on the statue, and it dies out when I close it—so;" and, as she pulled a cord, the veil fell before the statue and the light melted away.

"Aren't you initiating the neophyte rather early?" a man's voice asked at Simpkins' elbow, and, as he turned to see who it was, Mrs. Athelstone explained: "This is our new clerk, Mr. Simpkins; Doctor Brander is our treasurer, and our acting president while my husband's away. He left a few days ago for a little rest." And Mrs. Athelstone turned back to her desk.

Simpkins instantly decided to dislike the young clergyman beside him. He was tall and athletic-looking, but with a slight stoop, that impressed one as a physical assumption of humility, which his handsome face, with its faintly sneering lines and bold eyes, contradicted. But he acknowledged Brander's careless "How d'ye do?" in a deferential manner, and listened respectfully to a few careless sentences of instruction.

For the rest of the morning, Simpkins mechanically addressed circulars appealing for funds to carry on the good work of the Society, while his mind was busy trying to formulate a plan by which he could get Mrs. Athelstone to tell what she knew about the whereabouts of Madame Blavatsky's soul. He felt, with the accurate instinct of one used to classing the frailties of flesh and blood according to their worth in columns, that those devices which had so often led women to confide to him the details of the particular sensation that he was working up would avail him nothing here. "You simply haven't got her Bertillon measurements, Simp.," he was forced to admit after an hour of fruitless thinking. "You'll have to trust in your rabbit's foot."

But if Mrs. Athelstone was a new species to him, the office boy was not. He knew that youth down to the last button on his jacket. He knew, too, that an office boy often whiles away the monotonous hours by piecing together the president's secrets from the scraps in his waste-basket. So he slipped out after Buttons at the noon hour, caught him as he was disappearing up a near-by alley in a cloud of cigarette smoke, like the disreputable little devil that he was, and succeeded in establishing friendly and even familiar relations with him.

It was not, however, until late in the afternoon, when he was called into the antechamber to discover the business of a caller, that he improved the opportunity to ask the youth some leading questions.

"Suppose you open up mornings?" he began carelessly.

"Naw; Mrs. A. does. She bunks here."

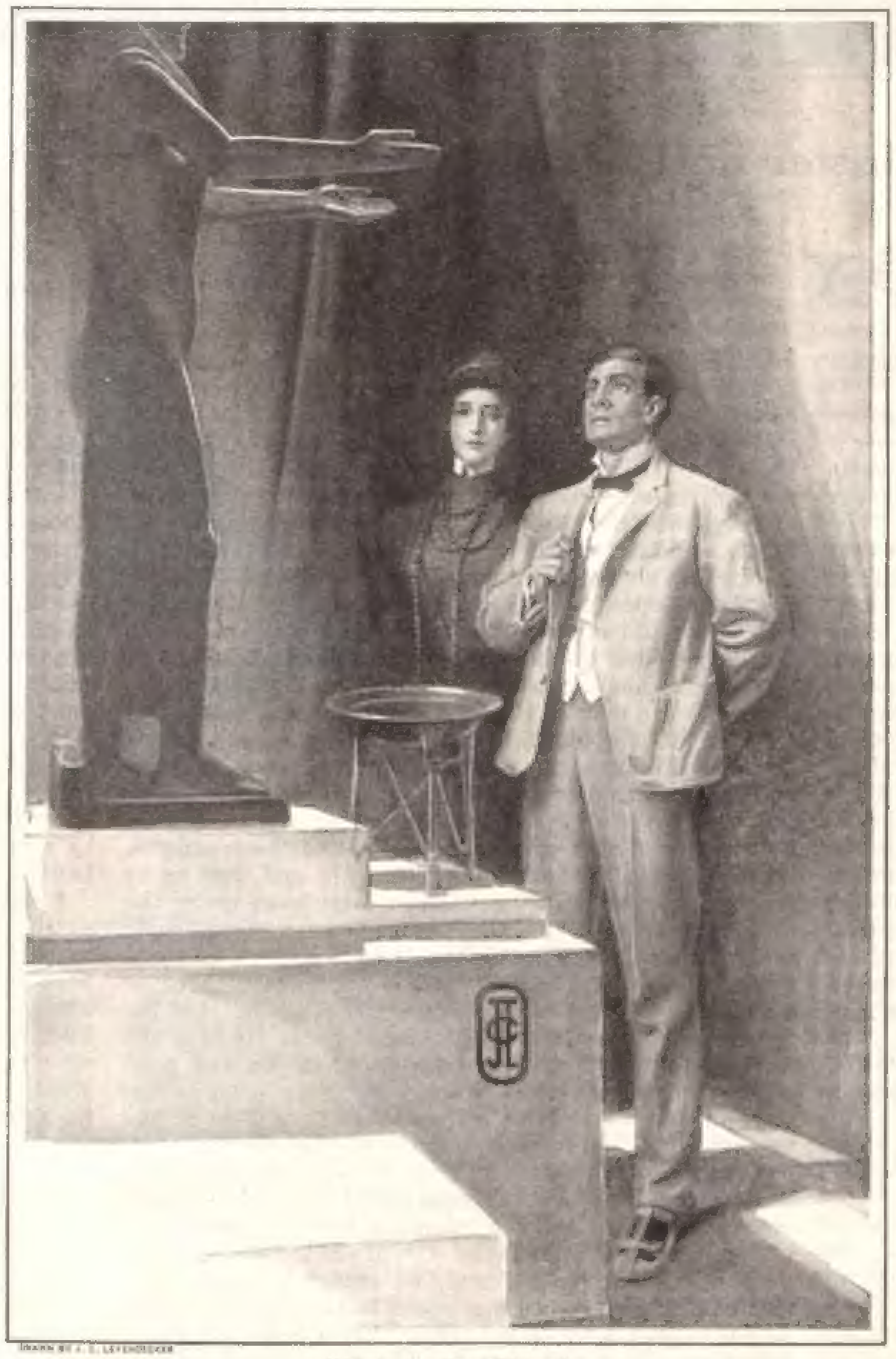
"How?"

"In a bed. She's got rooms in de buildin'. That door by Booker T. leads to 'em."

"Booker T.? Oh, sure! The brunette statue. And that other door—the one to the left. Where does that go?"

"Into Brander's storeroom. He sells mummies on de side."

"Does, eh? Curious business!" commented Simpkins. "Seems to rub it into *you* pretty hard. And stuck on himself! Don't seem able to spit without ringing his bell for some one to see him do it. Guess you'd have to have four legs to satisfy *him*, all right."


DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

"She's the Real Thing"

"Say, dat duck ain't on de level," the grievance for which Simpkins had been probing coming to the surface.

"Holds out on what he collects? Steals?"

"Sure ting—de loidies," and the boy lowered his voice; "he's dead stuck on Mrs. A."

"Oh! nonsense," commented Simpkins, an invitation to continue in his voice. "She's a married woman."

"Never min', I'm tellin' youse; an' dat's just where de stink comes in. Ain't I seen 'im wid my own eyes a-makin' goo-goos at 'er. An' wasn't there rough house for fair goin' on in dere last mont', just before de Doc. made his get-away? He tumbled to somethin', all right, all right, or why don't he write her? Say, I don't expect *him* back in no hurry. He's hived up in South Dakote right now, an' she's in trainin' for alimony, or my name's Dennis Don'tknow."

"Does look sort of funny," Simpkins replied, sympathetic, but not too interested. "When was it Doc. left? Last week?"

"Last week, not; more'n a mont' ago, an' he ain't peeped since, for I've skinned every mail dat's come in, an' not a picture-postal, see?"

"That isn't very affectionate of Doc., but I wouldn't mention it to any one else; it might get you into trouble," was Simpkins' comment. "You'd better—Holy, jumping Pharaoh! what a husky pussy!" As he spoke, a big black cat, with blinking, tawny eyes, sprang from the floor and curled itself up on the youth's desk. "Where'd that——"

A snarl interrupted the question; for the temptation to pull the cat's tail had proved too strong for the boy. Bowed over his desk in a fit of laughter at the result, he did not see the door behind him open, but Simpkins did. And he saw Mrs. Athelstone, her eyes blazing, spring into the room, seize the youth by the collar and shake him roughly.

"You nasty little brute!" she cried. "How dared you do that to a——" And then, catching sight of Simpkins, she dropped the frightened boy back into his chair.

"I can't stand cruelty to animals," she explained, panting a little from her effort. "If anything of this sort happens again, I'll discharge you on the spot," she added to the boy.

"Shame!" Simpkins echoed warmly. "Didn't know what he was up to or I'd have stopped him."

"I'm sure of it," she answered graciously, and, stooping, she picked up the now purring cat and left the room.

Simpkins followed her back to his desk and went on with his addressing, but he had something worth thinking about now. Not for nothing had he been educated in that newspaper school which puts two and two together and makes six. And by the time he was through work for the day and back in his room at the hotel, he had his result. He embodied it in this letter to Naylor:

Dear Mr. Naylor:

I am in the employ of Mrs. Athelstone. How I managed it is a yarn that will keep till I get back. [He meant until he could invent the story which would reflect the most credit on his ingenuity, for though he knew that the whole thing had been a piece of luck he had no intention of cheapening himself with Naylor by owning as much.] I had intended to return to Boston to-night, but I'm on the track of real news, a lovely stink, something much bigger than the Sunday story. There's a sporting parson, quite a swell, in the office here who's gone on Mrs. A., and I'm inclined to hope she is on him. Anyway, the Doc. left in a hurry after some sort of a row over a month ago, and hasn't written a line to his wife since. She's as cool as a cucumber about it and handed me a hot one right off the bat about poor old Doc.'s having gone away for a rest *a few days ago*. I've drawn cards and am going to sit in the game, unless you wire me to come home, for I smell a large, fat, front-page exclusive, which will jar the sensitive slats of some of our first families both here and in dear old London.

Yours,
SIMPKINS.

He hesitated a few minutes before he mailed the letter. He really did not want to do anything to involve *her* in a scandal, but, after all, it was simply anticipating the inevitable, and—he pulled himself up short and put the letter in the box. He could not afford any mawkish sentiment in his.

IV

SIMPKINS received a monosyllabic telegram from Naylor, instructing him to "stay," but after working in the Society's office for another three days he was about ready to give up all hope of getting at the facts. Some other reason, he scarcely knew what, kept him on. Perhaps it was Mrs. Athelstone herself. For, though he appreciated how ridiculous his infatuation was, he found a miserable pleasure in merely being near her. And she was pleased with her new clerk, amused at what she called his quaint Americanisms, and if she noticed his too unrepressed admiration of her, she smiled it aside. It was something to which she was accustomed, an involuntary tribute which most men who saw her often rendered her.

She never referred, even indirectly, to her husband; but Simpkins, as he watched her move about the hall, divined that he was often in her thoughts. And there was another whom he watched—Brander; for he felt certain now that the acting president aspired to be acting husband as well. And though there was nothing but a friendly courtesy in her manner toward him, Simpkins knew his subject well enough to understand that she was far too clever to be tripped into betraying herself to him. "She doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve—if she has a heart," he decided.

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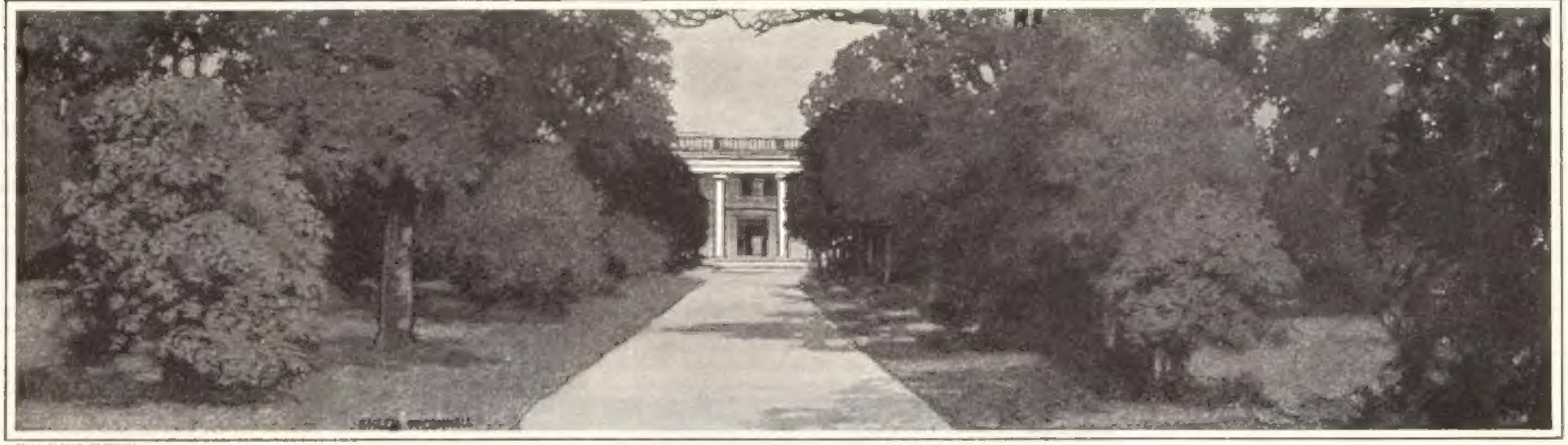
AN EXTINCT RACE



Master and Man—Owner and Friend

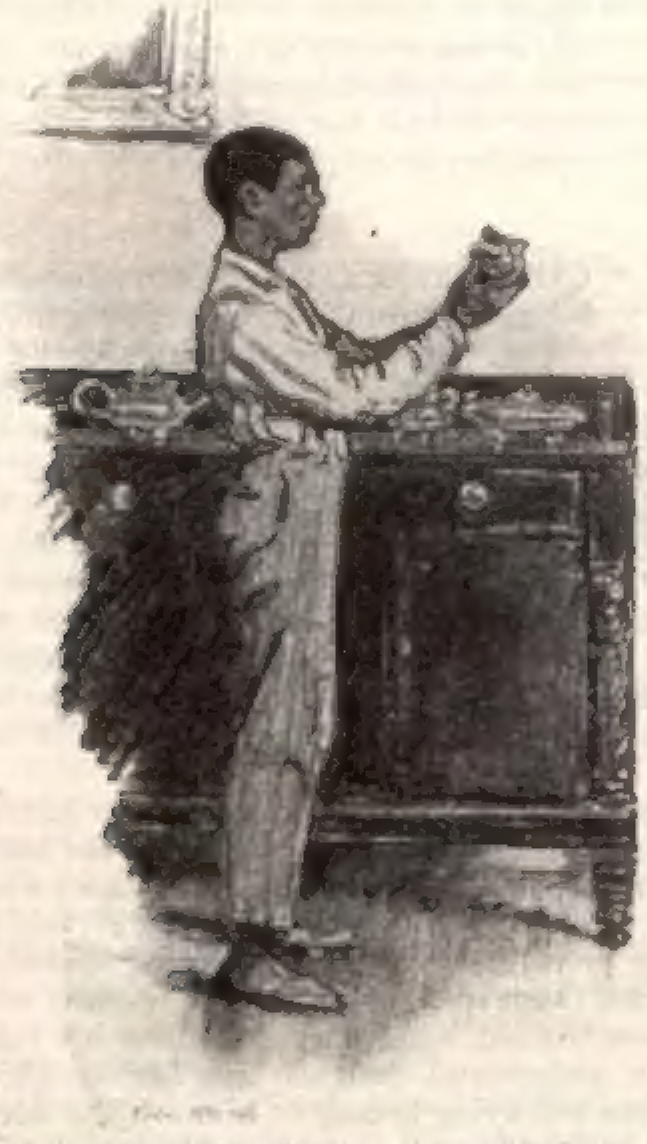
BY JOHN S. WISE

IT IS hard to realize that a man or woman forty-five years old remembers nothing of slavery. Yet it is so. In fact, men and women fifty-five years old remember little, if anything, of the institution as it was when it seemed to be secure and undisturbed for the future, for when they were nine years old the John Brown raid occurred, and after that the subject was in violent agitation until slavery disappeared in the crash of civil war.

Those who remember anything definite about slavery as it was before the beginning of the actual conflict over it are not much younger than myself (fifty-nine), and we who are on the "firing-line of memory" ought to chronicle our impressions before we go.

My first impression, vivid, distinct and certain, is that the Southern negro, as he existed in slavery prior to the John Brown raid in 1859, is a type as extinct as the Dodo or the Ichthyosaurus. Perhaps my simile would be more strictly correct if I said the American bison, for, just as a few specimens of that animal still survive in out-of-the-way places, there may be, here and there, a few old darkies who still retain the attributes of the olden time; but their number is daily growing "fewer by degrees and beautifully less," so that not one person in a million sees them. Their successors, whether for better or for worse, are no more like them than are Jack-rabbits like guinea-pigs. The whole relations and attitude of blacks and whites toward each other are radically changed, and whether, in the end, the result is to be beneficial to either or both races or not, it grieves me to see the deep antagonisms and prejudices between the races existing to-day, for I remember when they loved each other well, no matter what theories may combat that possibility.

Not that I would have slavery back on any terms! Oh, no! That was a curse and a crime. It may have been a venial crime, under the circumstances, and was assuredly, in some respects, a most convenient curse. But crime and curse it was, nevertheless—a crime against human liberty and a greater curse in its effects upon the master than upon the slave. The abolition of slavery was right. It did more for the emancipation of the white slave-owner than it accomplished for the black slave. The average slaveholder could not realize this and has died, or will die, protesting that it was an outrage upon him. But his posterity is already beginning to learn it and will in time fully realize that the world has passed the point when a white man, who is a slave-owner, can compete with a white brother bound by no such unnatural shackles, and we shall see the emancipated white man of the South demonstrate, in days to come, that in a fair field and on equal terms with his brethren of other sections he is at least their equal in every enterprise calling for courage, resourcefulness and continuity of purpose. Freed and rebounding every day from the pressure of slave-owning prejudices and disadvantages, he is a competitor to be reckoned with, and, just as he fought for and retained control so long, even under the disadvantages of his position as slave-owner, he will come now with a rush into prominence, free to struggle on equal terms with all competitors, and is not to be ignored or despised in the race of civilization and progress. Let the men who freed his negroes beware of him. He is in the forefront of the fight now, with sword drawn and good right arm freed, as never before. We know what he has done in the past. We shall see what he will do in the future; and it will not be unworthy of that glorious past.



"I Spec' Dat Thing Must er Cost as Much as Seventy-five Cents"

Time alone can solve the great American problem, the problem of whether the negro, freed and left to work out his own destiny, can maintain himself against the whites, master and liberator, who are now both his competitors. If he fails his condition cannot be worse than that of a slave. People who speak to the contrary either do not believe it, or do not think what it is to be a slave. Anything is better than that. The negro may be as insensate and as coarse-grained and as animal as some are wont to describe him, but there are mighty few negroes who would not rather die on a hillside under freedom's banner than live as a slave in a palace.

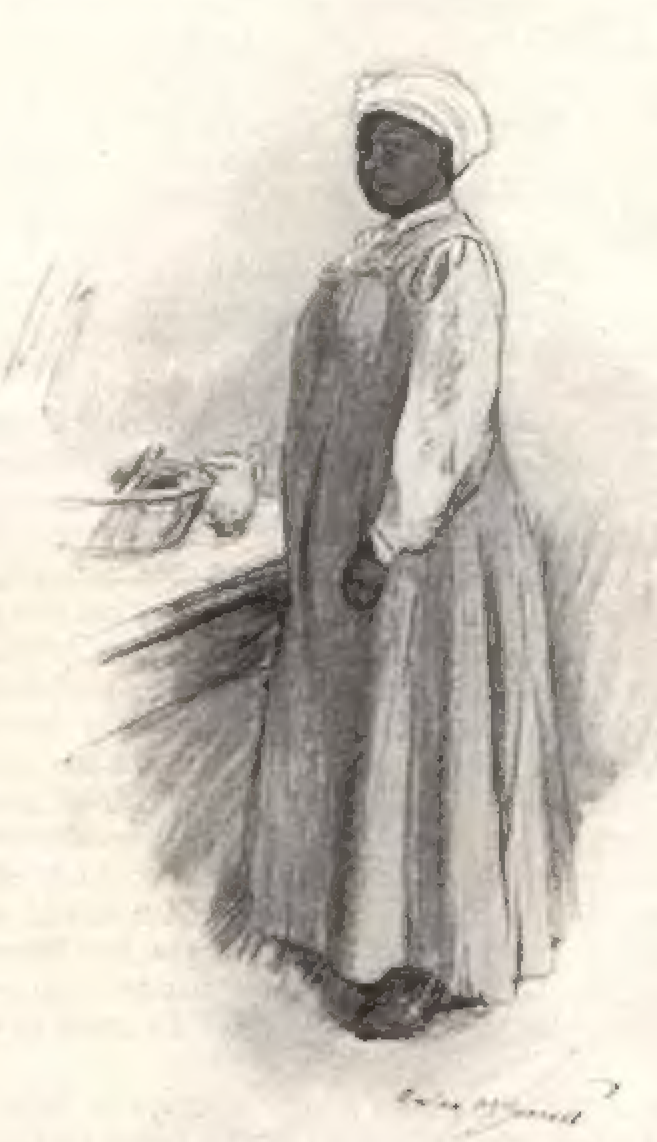
So abolition was best, after all, for all, and men are pretty well agreed on that now, even if it did take fire and blood to accomplish it. But it does seem to me it might have been brought about—and some way ought to have been discovered to accomplish it—without such violence and such reaction as we have seen. I do not refer to the physical violence of force by which alone the emancipation of the negro could possibly have been wrought. I refer to the violence and reaction in racial prejudices which have resulted from the force employed to abolish slavery.

The young negro, born since slavery ended, has grown up hating the white race in his heart. His very look and the glance of his eye when we meet him shows it. The young white of the South has inherited all his father's resolve of mastery over the black, without one softening feeling to offset it. He feels the need of the negro's work and is willing to pay for it in money. But there he stops. He is unwilling to give him confidence or companionship or affection for fear the negro will demand more.

With a few honorable exceptions, even the men of the section by whose war-triumph the negro was freed, feel an antagonism against his person, a prejudice against his habits, a contempt for his morality, and an aversion to his presence among them. "Yes, we freed him. But we don't want him here. Let him stay where he belongs." These are the commonest expressions to be heard in the North. "Let him have his freedom. We'll be kind to him as long as he keeps in his place. But he shall not rule us." Those are the commonest expressions heard in the South.

Except with the very lowest class, who drag him down, the negro has no sort of social intercourse nowadays, North or South, with white people. So deep and so hard are these lines drawn that the negro is evidently year by year growing in the hunted feeling against whites which wild beasts have when pursued whithersoever they may flee. Who knows where it may all end? We know what the end will be if it comes to violence. But to one who has seen so much of real affection and trust between the races as I have seen, it is pitiful. Thank God, the conflict, if it does come, and it looks as if it will, will not come in my day! That, at least, is consoling. So let us shut it out from our contemplation and try to soften the asperities of the present by recalling some old-time memories of genuine affection between the extinct races of slave and master.

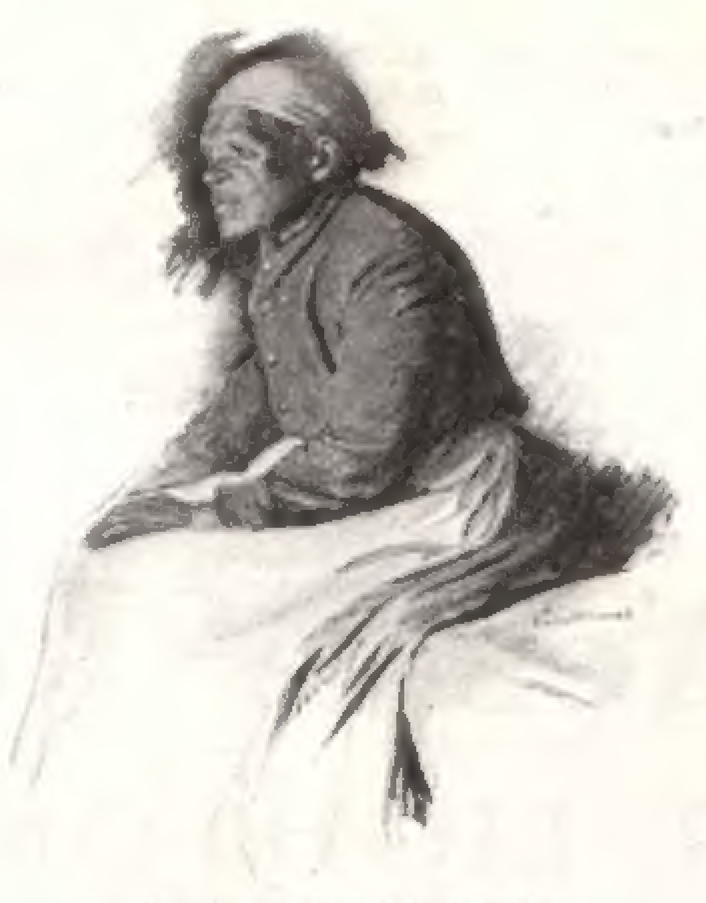
I presume that my father's slaves presented the usual patriarchal spectacle of slavery. At the head of them was old Charlotte, who had nursed him as a baby and had been given to him by his father's will. She called herself Parker—just why I never knew, for Mr. Parker, if he ever lived, was gone before my day, and her sons, four in number, were named, respectively, George Douglas, James Henry, Henry Parker and Spencer—so Mr. Parker, Sr., must have been rather an episode. Charlotte was as black as a black



She Says that Her Ancestor was an African King cat, and boasted that she was a genuine African of unmixed blood. She lived until some time in the seventies and called my father her "baby" until the day of her death. There is no telling how old she was. She had a temper of her own, and, on occasion, would scold my father mercilessly if he interfered with her cooking or otherwise crossed her. She was a wonderful cook, with certain specialties seldom equaled and never surpassed. Whenever my father returned home from any considerable absence she invariably ran out to greet her "baby," and hugged and kissed him, and when he was elected Governor she was the proudest member of the household, never failing to make it known to all that she "raised him."

A more absolute tyrant never lived than old Charlotte. The way she bullied everybody was something amazing. My father had five sons, and there were fourteen other boys, his nephews, sons of his brothers and sisters, who were coming and going at our place during the years of my childhood. She ruled us all with a rod of iron. There was a name by which the older boys called her which never failed to make her fighting mad. It was "Kit." My brother Henry and Cousin John James were great teases, and many is the day I have seen them rush from the kitchen followed by Charlotte, who brandished the pot-stick after them, because they called her "Kit." I never learned why the term so enraged her.

At times she was exceedingly affable and talkative, and then she was most interesting. She was as full of ghost stories and superstitions as "Uncle Remus." Often she came to the nursery at night, for she loved the little children, and there she would sit rocking herself, talking to our Irish nurse and filling us with stories of the "September Gust" and a thousand local traditions in which the mysterious always figured largely. When we were forced to abandon our home at "Rolleston," near Norfolk, in 1862, old Charlotte remained. She was reported as having become a great "Yankee," but the old girl fought the Union troops for everything on the place that belonged to "Marse Henry," and when it was finally occupied by a negro school she left in disgust and returned to her old home in Accomac, also within the Federal lines.


She was as Full of Ghost Stories as "Uncle Remus"

After the war she visited us several times at our new home in Richmond, but she was then too old to work. It was a pathetic sight to see her first meeting with my father after the war ended. He was much aged. She threw her arms about him and rocked her body back and forth, the tears streaming down her face, exclaiming: "Oh, my baby, my baby! God only knows how glad I is to see you alive agin!"

She was not happy in Richmond and returned to Accomac. We helped her until she died, and buried her in John J. Wise's garden. Her oldest son, George, also my father's slave, accompanied the family to Brazil in 1844.

There never was a more competent or faithful servant than George. When we came home from Brazil my father freed him, but he lingered with us long before he departed. Then he went to Philadelphia, where he died. My mother, herself a Philadelphian, was thoroughly devoted to old Charlotte and George. The second son, Jim, called himself James Henry. That was the name of the father of my Grandfather Wise's first wife, Judge James Henry, of the Court of Appeals. He was a fine man and Jim and Charlotte liked the name, so he assumed it. Jim succeeded George as my father's valet, butler and factotum.

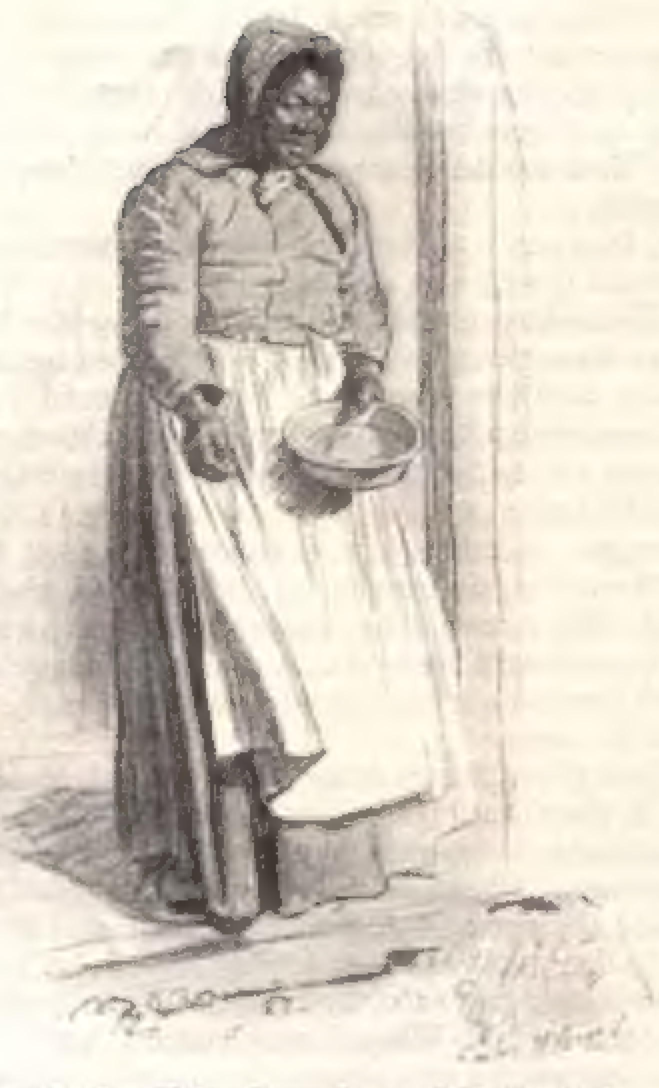
I have never witnessed greater fidelity, affection or capability than that man showed to my father. He could do anything, and my father trusted him in everything. He was a first-class cook, a thoroughly trained valet, an excellent man with horses, a good boatman, something of a mechanic, a fine marketer and shrewd purveyor, one of the best dining-room servants I ever saw, and a most sympathetic nurse. These are not half of Jim's accomplishments. But he had a bad temper with children and mighty little patience with them. He never dared to strike us, but my, how he would *grip* us and *drag* us before "Marster" when we crossed his path! Jim was my master and I feared him as I did an ogre.

One of the most humiliating things in my childhood was when I tried to go on the train with the troops from Richmond to Harper's Ferry at the time of the John Brown raid. I was about thirteen years old and had an old-fashioned squirrel rifle. My father delegated Jim to capture me and take me home. He found me under a seat in the car and dragged me out by the leg. As I emerged first and my long gun kept on following me out, Jim, showing his ivories, exclaimed: "For Gawd's sake, how much gun has dat boy got?" Amid the roars of laughter from the soldiers, Jim dragged me home, threatening, each time I resisted, to take me to "Marster" if I didn't behave myself, and that *he* would "tare me up alive" if I bothered him at such a time.

No doubt I might have grown up to own a slave if slavery had not been abolished, but I never did. Slaves like Charlotte and Jim owned their master's children until they were pretty well grown. Jim remained with us until Norfolk was evacuated and our place fell within the Federal lines. He might have had his freedom at any time, but never, until then, would accept it. He helped in every way to pack up and was to come off with the last of the departing wagons, for we really needed his assistance. But when the time came he had disappeared. The star of freedom shone too near and too brightly for him to resist it. The sneaking way in which he went off distressed us all. My father said, over and over again: "The rascal! I did not think he would behave that way. There never was a moment I would not have freed him for the asking—and he has always been so faithful, too!" Jim evidently felt that way about it himself, for we never saw him again, although we heard that he settled in Wilmington, Delaware, and that he lived there a long time after the war.

Henry Parker, Charlotte's third son, was one of our farm laborers and remained at the place. He was a quiet, surly fellow of whom not much is to be said, and I lost sight of him.

Spencer, the fourth son, was the first human being of my acquaintance who died. He was a kindly, amiable boy of sixteen or seventeen, who had not settled on any patronymic, I think, up to the day of his death. He had worked on the farm, but had been admitted to the house to assist Jim. One of the earliest jokes I remember was concerning Spencer. He was delighted with the table furniture, among which was a beautiful little silver pitcher, a gift to my mother. That attracted Spencer. Handling it and watching it intently, he held it up and said: "Dat suttinly is pretty. An' it cost money, too! *I spec' dat thing must er cost as much as seventy-five cents*"—which gives some notion of what a slave's idea of *big money* was.

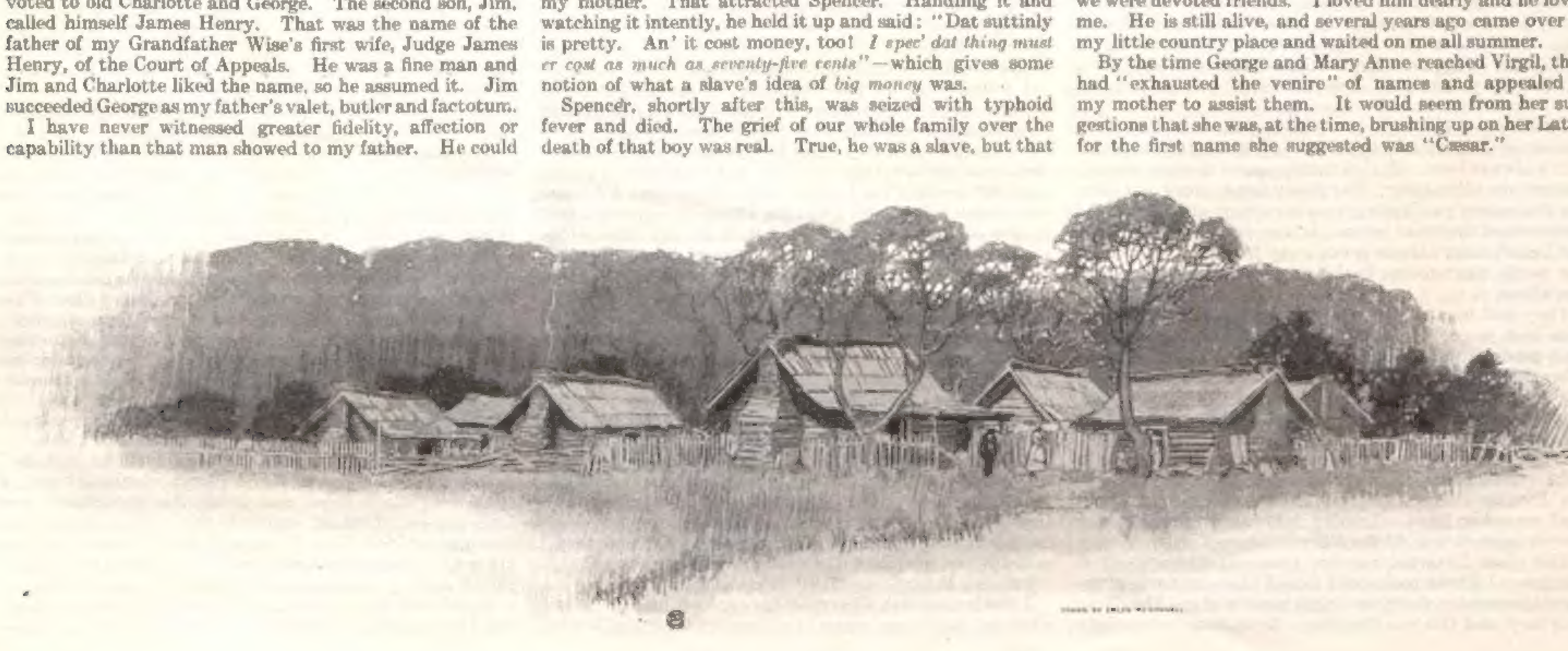

Out of Her Christian Home Came Some of the Greatest Fighting Cocks in Princess Anne County

Spencer, shortly after this, was seized with typhoid fever and died. The grief of our whole family over the death of that boy was real. True, he was a slave, but that feature cut no figure in the sorrow of the occasion. He was also a loyal, affectionate friend, son of my father's devoted nurse, and the sordid consideration of money loss never once entered into the tender sympathy with which white hands assisted in shrouding him and giving him loving sepulture. This family had traditions of their ancestors, having been brought to America from Guinea.

The next large family of our slaves was that of old George Douglas and his wife Mary Anne, called by all of us "Uncle George" and "Aunt Mary Anne." George was lame. He was an inheritance from my father's great-grandfather, Colonel George Douglas, King's Counsel and Member of the House of Burgesses for a longer period than any other burgess. Uncle George came to us through my Great-Grandmother Wise, whose maiden name was Margaret (Peggy) Douglas. He was a tall, dignified man, with high cheekbones, and said his ancestors were Congo negroes. His wife was a fat, motherly woman, with an admixture of white blood—what was called a "gingerbread mulatto." She came from the Custis'. She nursed an elder sister of mine, after the death of my father's first wife. Uncle George was the gardener and Aunt Mary Anne the washerwoman. They were a devoted couple and occupied an outhouse nearly adjoining the mansion. My earliest recollection is of seeing my mother in our garden, directing George in his work. He and his wife loved the ground she walked on.

Their children were Charlotte, Sarah, Betsy, Louisa, John, Anne, Eliza, Virgil and Sergeant, to say nothing of several who died in infancy. Charlotte was given as maid to my eldest sister, Mrs. Garnett; Betsy to another sister, Anne Eliza to another, John to my brother Richard, and Virgil for a time was mine. These arrangements were natural and did not separate the family, for we were all together from time to time. John was about my age and we were devoted friends. I loved him dearly and he loved me. He is still alive, and several years ago came over to my little country place and waited on me all summer.

By the time George and Mary Anne reached Virgil, they had "exhausted the venire" of names and appealed to my mother to assist them. It would seem from her suggestions that she was, at the time, brushing up on her Latin, for the first name she suggested was "Cæsar."



"No, ma'am!" said Uncle George emphatically. "I don't want no dog's name for my child!"

Vainly she strove to assure him that Cæsar was the name of a very great man. He would have none of it.

"How would Pompey do, George?" she ventured again timidly.

"Dat can't no better! Dat's a hosse's name!" blurted out old George.

Then she suggested "Virgil," telling him it was the name of an illustrious Latin poet. It pleased both him and Mary Anne, and the young one was christened Virgil. He was, as he grew up, the dirtiest, greasiest, fattest, most grotesque young slave in all the land, and even to this day I smile to think of what a travesty he was upon P. Virgilius Maro, the Roman. I subsequently traded Virgil off with my father for another boy named "Yellow John," and got the worst of it. My dear mother was gone before the next child came to George and Mary Anne, and as he was a boy they honored her memory by naming him Sergeant, that being her family name.

George and Mary Anne were as much a part of our family as if they had been blood-kin. I know of no servants nowadays between whom and their employers any such relations of love and sympathy exist as those between Uncle George and Aunt Mary Anne and our own. Many is the day I have passed in play with John, fishing or sailing or breaking calves, or doing the thousand things for boys to do on a farm. When I was hungry Aunt Mary Anne fed me, and when I was sleepy she has put me many a day upon her clean, quilted bedspread and covered me with her shawl. On Sunday she rode to church with us in the same carriage with the baby in her arms—and how often have I gone to sleep on those long rides with my head pillowed on her fat lap! Yet I have practiced social separation more religiously and believe in it just as firmly as many an upstart youngster of the present who prates about the dangers of negro equality and hates negroes.

I cannot enumerate all our slaves, of course, for there were many of them, but must not close without reference to a few more.

Henry Bayne and his wife Charlotte were childless. Henry was a bright mulatto, his wife a strapping black woman. They lived at the mill. Henry was my father's farm foreman and sometimes the miller. Charlotte was the most successful chicken-raiser in all that district.

They were both very religious. I fear we led Charlotte astray, for my brother and I secured some wonderful game-chickens, and induced Charlotte to rear no other kind. Out of her Christian home came some of the greatest fighting cocks in Princess Anne County, and I'm sure she would have felt scandalized had she known the base uses to which we put her product.

Henry Bayne was a placid, faithful, devoted man. When my father's legal or political duties called him away he left his milling and farm work in Henry's hands with full assurance that all was well and that everything would be accounted for upon his return. Many a day have I seen Henry sitting in the mill door reading his Testament amid the thunders of the water-wheel machinery, and once he showed me the flyleaf of his book with my dead mother's name on it and told me she gave it to him. I know old Henry is in Heaven.

Shortly before the outbreak of the war my father defended a man for murder in a neighboring county. He needed labor and part of his fee was two young strong men named Joshua and Smith. He never sold a negro, and he would not buy these two, much as he needed them, until they begged him to do so and told him they wanted to belong to him. They fully justified his trust. They were very proud of being owned by General Wise.

Joshua and Smith were with him in front of Petersburg. At Hatcher's Run Lieutenant Barksdale Warwick, my father's aide-de-camp, was killed at his side. When the brigade fell back to the Amelia Pike there were Joshua and Smith holding my father's and brothers' horses, and Jim Christian, Warwick's man, holding his.

"Whar is Mars Barky, General?" exclaimed Jim.

My father told him the truth.

"Here, Smith! You take this mare!" said Jim, dismounting and running toward the dark woods in front, through which the enemy was already advancing.

We saw him no more until the war was over. Then we learned that, lying down in a ditch, he had allowed the Union troops to charge over him; had searched for his master's body until he found it; had buried it in the sawdust at the mill, where Warwick had fallen; had carefully marked the spot, and then, returning to Richmond, had procured a wagon, revisited the place, exhumed the body and delivered it to the dead boy's parents. Jim is still alive and I honor and respect him.

Poor Joshua came to grief at Sailor's Creek. He was left in charge of my father's horse in the battle there, and, when our brigade was surrounded, Joshua, the horse and all the baggage fell into the hands of the enemy. The brigade cut its way out, but we saw no more of Joshua until our return, when he turned up grinning at Richmond and told the General he had saved his overcoat by claiming it as his own.

"Keep it," said the old man grimly. "I'm out of a job as soldier. You may be a nigger general and need it."

And Joshua was delighted with the joke and overcoat, although it was then hot summer.

Smith was faithful to the end. He was at Appomattox, a paroled veteran of the Army of Northern Virginia and proud of his record. For months he hung around, devoted to his old master, unwilling to leave him, and hoping for new employment. He picked up such odd jobs as he could, and we fed him. But we had nothing to give him. At last, one day, he said to my father:

"Marster, I loves de army life better dan any in de worl'. I been thinkin' of goin' in de reg'lar army. But I can't agoin' unless you says so, and I can't agoin' to leave you long as I live if you got anything fer me to do."

The old man was deeply touched by his devotion, but he advised him to go, and he entered a regiment of Colored Regular Cavalry. Once or twice letters came full of love and proud of promotion. Then, several years later, a letter came from the Texan border announcing Smith's honorable death, and saying that his last wish was that his old master should be informed of the fact, and should be told that he still loved him better than any one else on earth.

My father married three times. His third wife was Mary Lyons, of Richmond, one of the best and sweetest women God ever made. She was childless, but she loved me as her own child and I loved her the same. Shortly after her marriage an old aunt, Mrs. Chevallié, of Richmond, died and bequeathed her a family of slaves. They were pure Congos, a brother and two sisters. The man was one of the most splendid specimens of manhood I ever saw. Harry Pollard (that was his name) must have been six feet four inches tall. He was of powerful frame and black as ebony. He was the impersonation of physical power and great dignity. The elder sister was married to a most excellent man and had a family of several children. The

(Continued on Page 24)

Billy Fortune Takes a "Re-spite"

BY WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

SAY, here's a fine, large word I caught once, running loose in a newspaper: "Re-spite." I think a lot of that word. You know what it means? It means getting sick of your job and quitting it for a spell and hitting the trail towards Variety. I went on a re-spite a while back, and that's certainly the way it worked out with me.

That was the time I ran against Mister Señor Don Pedro Alfonso Manuel Jose—well, there, that'll do for now. That's the first part of it. I've got the rest of his name marked down on a piece of paper in my trunk; but my trunk's up in the bunkhouse at the Bar-K ranch in little old Wyoming, and I'm down here to Omaha. Besides, I've lost my trunk key, anyway, since this spring when Petey Peterson stole my extra breeches and run off with 'em. It don't matter. That was the way his name started off: Mister Señor Don Pedro Alfonso Manuel Jose—— I haven't got to him yet; I'm just telling you his name so you'll know him when he comes in.

There was a girl in it, too. Her name was short little Francesca Lopez; and mine was just Billy Fortune, same as it's always been. It don't make any difference where I am nor what I'm doing; if anybody comes along and sings out that name, you'll always see me set my glass down and turn around and take notice. It's an awful careless habit, but I can't seem able to break away from it. That habit was partly what got me in this re-spite jackpot I'm telling you about.

They told me that this Jose boy had blue blood in him. If he had, you couldn't notice it much for the sunburn. I ain't dead sure whether it was sunburn, or nigger, or some other darkness; but he was plumb dark. I can't think but what there was a small yellow streak in him, too. You'll see that when I work around to him. This thing commenced away back of him.

What you might call the climax of it happened down in Cuba—though it was mostly all climaxes. Cuba? Oh, yes, I've been there, plenty. I didn't start to go there, but I wound up there. That's a right funny thing with me: I never do start to go to the different places I get to.

The place I started for that time was Chicago—just Chicago. I'd been cook at the Box-X place, up north of the Rawhide country, that year; eight months of it. I begun in February, and this was October. Eight months is a right long time at one job for a man that's got one of these naturally lonesome dispositions. That's me. It was along in the middle of summer that I run on to this word, and she'd kept staying with me; so along by-and-by I says: "All right, Billy; you and me'll have a little re-spite. We'll go and take a look at it." And I cashed in for what was coming to me. It was three hundred dollars that went down in my right-hand breeches' pocket. That's where I always put it, so I'll know where it is so long as it's there.

"Well," says I, "now where? Lusk? Douglas? Casper?" But I seemed to have a kind of a farther-away feeling that time. "Chicago's a good live town for a re-spite," thinks I. "What's the matter with Chicago?" So I rustled a stock-pass to Chicago.

I didn't have no plan whatever. That's what I like about a place like Chicago: if a man's got his money with him, handy, he don't have to waste time studying how to make the time go fast. I just blew around, whichever way the breeze shifted, that first day, and by night I'd picked up a fair-to-middling bunch of old friends that I'd never set eyes on before, and I was the Prince von Spenditfreely in disguise getting acquainted with all my dead-broke subjects. It comes high, but it helps us princes to relish hard work and plain feed when we get back to 'em again. Painted her red? No, no; plain red's vulgar. What we was trying to paint was a big bunch of rainbows in full bloom—and there was some good artists in that crowd, too. I don't have to tell you all about it. It would take too long, and besides, after two or three days I begun to get careless about remembering the little things. Confused? Yes, that sounds some like the word, though it don't tell it all.

Well, then, here come a morning when I knew I'd been asleep, because I waked up. Kind of half waked up, you know, and laid there with my poor, tired eyes shut, thinking of ice-water. Yes, sir; ice-water. I kept on with that thought till pretty soon it struck me that it was terrible quiet around me, wherever that was; and then I raised up on my elbow and took a peep to see; and then—"Suffering Peter!" says I. "What's this?"

I was laying with all my clothes on, stretched out across a big, soft bed in one corner of a room so wide it strained my eyes to look to the other side. And style! There was near a quarter-section of red velvet carpet, and a chandelier, and a marble washstand with silver spouts, and a looking-glass six foot high, and lace curtains.

"Whoa, Bill!" says I to myself. "Five dollars a day for room-rent, and no discount if you don't undress for bed. Now, who's been running this kind of a whizzer on me?" And then it come to me: "Say, maybe this ain't me at all!" And with that I set up on the edge of the bed and run my hand down in my right-hand breeches' pocket, like a man will when he gets to brooding on his wicked past and can't remember the last part of it. Soon as I felt in my pocket I got over my scare, right away. "Yes, this is me, all right," I says, because all I fetched up was three cents: three copper cents. I counted 'em over twice, real careful, to make sure I hadn't missed one, and then I laid back on the bed again, plumb satisfied it was me.

But I wasn't through with myself yet; because when I laid back I felt a lump in my tobacco pocket behind, and I turned part way over and reached for it and held it in front of me, looking at it. That gave me a brand-new idea about the business. "Oh!" says I. "Yes, I know now: this is a sanatorium, and I'm here getting treated for seeing things that don't exist." The thing I seemed to be seeing looked like a bunch of money, thick as a stick of wood, rolled up neat and careful and with a rubber band around it, and the one on the outside was a clean yellow fifty. "Oh, rats!" says I, and I throwed it away from me, down on the carpet. But it laid there without moving or turning into something else, and after a minute I went and picked it up. "Here," I says, "let's count it, to amuse ourselves while we're waiting for the nurse to come." I counted up to seven hundred. There was more, but I quit with that. Then I got another notion.

"Billy," says I, "let's go through the rest of his pockets."

Down inside my vest was a new pocketbook—one of these long black boys; and inside the pocketbook was some papers. I spread 'em out on the bed and studied 'em. One was a ticket from Chicago to New Orleans, and the other was a steamboat ticket from New Orleans to Havana, Cuba; and my name was wrote plain on both of 'em.

Somehow I got to thinking of ice-water some more then, and I begun to look around to see if I could locate the cooler.

I got cheerful again, right away. There was a button on the wall, and a card beside it: "Two rings for ice-water." In a minute I heard the pitcher coming along the hall, with the ice going "tink-tink-tink" against the edges.

"Come in a minute, kid," says I, "till I get time to talk to you." And pretty soon I took one of the pieces of ice and held it against the back of my neck, and then I says: "Say, kiddy, look here; I want to ask you something. I got sunstruck once, when I was hunting elephants down there in Honolululand, in South Africa, and ever since then I've been liable to have absent-minded spells, and when I come around again I always have to pay a bright boy three or four dollars to help me get caught up on the news. See?"

He had pretty good eyesight, that boy, because he saw right off and stood there grinning at me.

"All right," says I. "Now then; this is the year Two-Thousand-and-What?"

"Aw," he says back, "this is 1903."

"October?"

"Yep."

"October the which?"

"Twenty-sixth."

"Monday? Tuesday? Wednesday ——?"

"Saturday."

"Mmm, yes," I says. "Monday to Saturday is five days. That's about right. Now, kiddy, you tell me about myself, will you?"

"Aw," says he, "you come last night in a hack, and we got you up here to this room. I helped. There was a Pullman porter lookin' after you, that said he'd fetched you down."

"Fetched me *down!* Why, where's this place?"

"This here is Saint Louis," he says, just as cool!

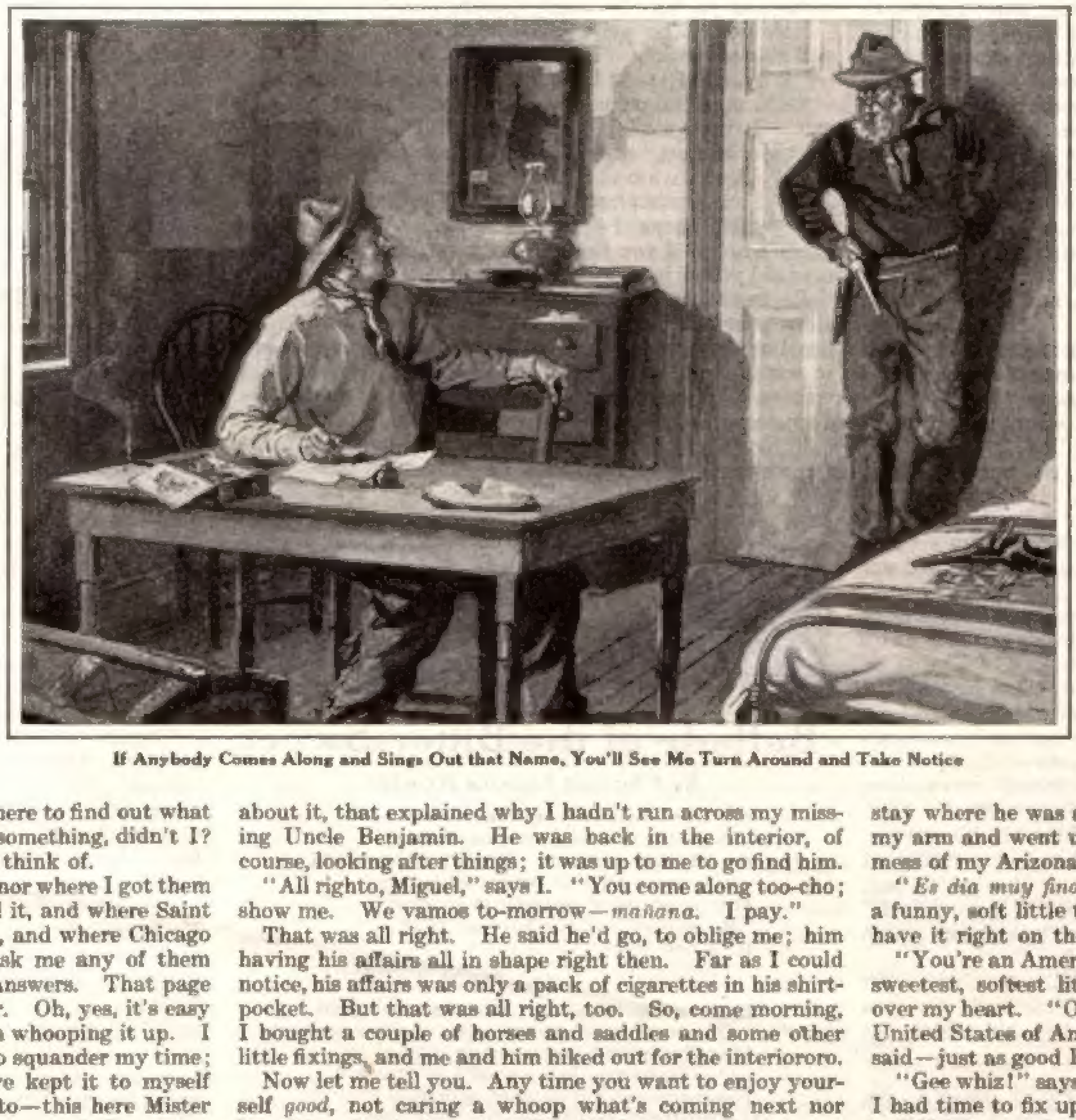
"*Saint Louis?* Look here, son, I'm a wolf-killer from the Bad Lands with anybody that tries to run a blazer on me. Now you try again."

"This here's Saint Louis," says he, stubborn.

"Say, son, *you* ain't been sunstruck hunting elephants in Kazoozooland, too, have you?" I says; but he wouldn't have it any way but that it was Saint Louis. I could ask anybody, he said; so I had to let it go at that. "My friend the porter didn't say when he was coming back for me, did he?" I asks.

"Nop; but he said we'd got to treat you right, because you was worth a million. Are you?"

It seemed a pity to make my porter friend out a liar; and besides, how did I know? "Yes, my boy," I says. "I won a big stake making rinktums out of them elephants' tusks."



If Anybody Comes Along and Sings Out that Name, You'll See Me Turn Around and Take Notice

Well, when the kid had gone away with his five dollars I set down to mill things over in my mind. I've been off the trail a few times in my short, young life; but that was just about the worst ever. "*Saint Louis!*" I says. "And tickets for Cuba! Billy, for the love of country, what are you going to Cuba for?" "Why," says I, when I'd studied a minute—"why, I'm going there to find out what I'm going there for." I had to say something, didn't I? And that was the only thing I could think of.

No, you needn't ask me how it was, nor where I got them tickets, and that money, and who did it, and where Saint Louis had popped up from so sudden, and where Chicago had disappeared to. You needn't ask me any of them questions, because I don't know the answers. That page is plumb tore out of my book, teacher. Oh, yes, it's easy enough for you to guess that I'd been whooping it up. I could guess that myself if I wanted to squander my time; but I don't *know*. I expect I'd have kept it to myself if it hadn't been for what it led up to—this here Mister Señor Don Pedro Alfonso Manuel Jose, and Francesca, and the picture, and the big dance, and all that. Yes, I know I'm slow; but I had to let you know how it was and how I felt when I started. You can see I was just about in shape for pretty near anything, whatever it might be.

Yes, sir, I made up my mind I was going on down to Cuba. The funny thing is that I fetched up there, too, after a while. It took me three weeks; but along by-and-by, when November was some past the full, Billy Fortune stepped off the boat in Havana.

There wasn't anybody looking for me that I could see. I don't know what I'd been expecting: a rich duke uncle with a brass band, or something; but whatever it was, it wasn't there—nothing but a big crowd with nobody in it.

"Something's kept him at the palace, I reckon," I says. "Most likely he's a horrible busy man. Oh, well, I'll get him located when I get uptown."

So I poked along. There wasn't anything worrying me that I could think of. I just moseyed around them funny streets, smelling them funny smells and watching out for my cue. There was lots of United States people around, some places; but I shied off from them. If I'd wanted to mix with United States, what was I doing down yonder? I just blowed away from the thick settlements and out toward the edges, not caring.

Five or six days. Nothing doing but laziness. I saw more new kinds of old clothes and more different kinds of half-breed folks than a spry ram-sheep could wiggle his tail at; but that seemed to be about all. The women wasn't worth turning around to look at twice. I stood it for a spell, till I begun to get nervous. It seemed to me I had a right to expect that some kind of excitement was what I'd come for.

Well, then, one night I was setting in a bum little mud hotel, eating Mexican truck and talking Arizona Spanish with a fat Greaser man I'd picked up for company. I herded sheep in Arizona once. This lad's name was Miguel—an awful polite chap about letting me pay for his victuals and drink. I liked him first-rate, without caring much about him. I was fussing to him about me having come so far and missed my fun.

"Fun?" says he. "Havana—bah!" He seemed plumb disgusted at me. "You like fun, señor, you go in interiororo. Mucho fun in interiororo—señoritas—*muy* beautifulillomus—sweet—fine! You go in interiororo."

The interior? Why, sure! Why hadn't I thought about that myself, instead of leaving it to this short, fat lad that I mightn't never have met up with? A man is surely only half responsible. When I got to thinking about it, that explained why I hadn't run across my missing Uncle Benjamin. He was back in the interior, of course, looking after things; it was up to me to go find him.

"All righto, Miguel," says I. "You come along too-cho; show me. We vamos to-morrow—*mañana*. I pay."

That was all right. He said he'd go, to oblige me; him having his affairs all in shape right then. Far as I could notice, his affairs was only a pack of cigarettes in his shirt-pocket. But that was all right, too. So, come morning, I bought a couple of horses and saddles and some other little fixings, and me and him hiked out for the interiororo.

Now let me tell you. Any time you want to enjoy yourself *good*, not caring a whoop what's coming next nor how it's going to turn out, there's where you want to go. It wasn't exciting any, the first two days we was out; but I forgot about that. I almost didn't want anything to happen to spoil the loveliness. I've seen some right serene spots here and there in this world, but none like Cuba in her interiororo. You think of Plenty, and plenty of it, spread out rank and thick, so that a body don't hardly have to reach out his hand for it; and then you put a kind of a blue mist over it, and a sky without a cloud over that, and a soft, warm wind that makes you think of a girl's breath just stirring quiet and easy through the heavy green, and flowers blooming a million colors, and you having to duck your head when you ride under the trees to keep from mashing the ripe fruit—you think of all that, hard as you can, and *that* ain't Cuba's interiororo, not by a considerable. There's lots more besides that ain't in my spelling-book, so I can't say it. Sometimes there wouldn't be anything but what I've told you, so you'd wonder how it come; and then you'd come bump up against a big, rich-looking ranch-house, or a little settlement of huts set down in the middle of the crops, with the half-breeds squatting in the sun, stretching out their lazy bare legs and smoking and blinking, all comfortable and sleepy. By-and-by I got to wishing it could go on that way for ever and ever, with nothing to bust the spell. I'd have been right contented.

And then here come Miss Señorita Francesca Lopez—bang! And behind her stood Old Man Trouble.

It was along in the middle of the morning, and I was humped over in my saddle, taking a quiet snooze, with the sun warm on my shoulders, and waking up once in a while to take notice of how it looked and to figure it out with Miguel what we was going to get for dinner when we got to it; and then we turned a corner in the trail, unexpected, and there she was.

It was a schoolhouse—a crazy little shack, built out of fishpoles, with palm-leaf fans for the roof and a dirt floor, set in the middle of trees. It must have been recess-time, because the kids was all out on the ground, tumbling around in their chemises; and Francesca, she was standing in the door, looking at 'em.

It come to me all in a minute: "Now I know why I come to Cuba! There's the reason, right there." And I pulled up my pony in the trail and set there, easing my boots in the stirrups. She'd been laughing at the kids' monkey-shines, and when she turned around to see who it was coming that smile was still there, playing on her lips and hanging back of her eyes in a kind of a lazy shine.

Say, let me ask you something: When you was back on the farm, that time, they give you red raspberries and cream, didn't they? None of your blue milk, but *cream*, off day-before-yesterday's crock. Yes, and you noticed how it looked when you took your spoon and held one of the big berries down under the cream till you could just see the faint red blush of it showing through the richness; now, didn't you? Yes; well, now you try hard to remember how pretty it was, and there you've got Francesca's young cheek with the warm sun on it. Her hair—black, black, black! And her eyes, too—black, but a kind of a soft blue-blackness, like the night sky that hangs over our cow-country in Wyoming, with the stars in it. She had her little hands crossed in front of her, with her round arms showing down below her short sleeves, and—oh, let's quit this! That girl, she just got in my eye and stuck there, tight as a railroad cinder.

"This train stops here twenty minutes for refreshments," I says, under my breath; and I kicked my feet loose and hopped down, giving my bridle to Miguel to hold. No, it didn't rightly need holding; but I wanted Miguel to feel responsible and stay where he was at. See? I just tucked my hat under my arm and went up the path to her, fishing up a little mess of my Arizona sheep lingo.

"*Es dia muy fino,*" says I. She laughed right at me; a funny, soft little tinkle of a laugh; and then she let me have it right on the point of my chin.

"You're an American, aren't you?" says she, in just the sweetest, softest little voice, that put the gooseflesh all over my heart. "Oh, yes!" says she. "I've been in your United States of America, and I know." That's what she said—just as good English as there is in the primer.

"Gee whiz!" says I. She had jolted it out of me before I had time to fix up anything better.

"Ah!" says she; and then she let her eyes drop and stood waiting for me to go on. But seemed like my language had gone lame in both hindfeet, bad. When I didn't say anything, pretty soon she lifted a look at me again, slow and easy.

"May I ask, sir, to what I am indebted for this honor?" says she.

That put it up to me, didn't it? And when Billy Fortune starts frontwards towards anything, he hates to hit the back-trail till he's seen what's over the top of the last hill. So I just tightened the cinch on my courage.

"Well, señorita," says I, "if you put it that way, it was you that fetched me here. I've come all the way from the middle of the United States to give my lonesome eyes a little taste of your beauty."

Wasn't that a hot one? But it never fazed her a mite; she never so much as batted an eye-winker. All I could see was that the red raspberry bobbed up a little nearer the top of the cream. And then this is how the talk went:

Her—"Ah! It is what you call in the United States a 'jolly.'"

Me—"Not on your life, señorita! I can prove it by anybody that your good looks is talked about plumb out to Wyoming."

Her—"Oh, it is impossible! Wyoming is a very far country."

Me—"No distance is too far for the reputation of such beauty to travel."

You wouldn't have thought it of me, would you? I wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't been right there and heard it. And I could see she liked it fine. She must have knew I was lying, of course, and yet she believed every word I said. That's the woman of it. Francesca, she was sure tickled, standing there and smiling up at me; and seeing her so pleased made me begin to get chesty.

"Will you leave me look at the inside of your schoolhouse, señorita?" says I; because I could feel Miguel watching me from behind, jealous and wishful; and with that I stepped in the door and walked up to the other end, where her desk was, with her following along after me.

Long before my twenty minutes was up I'd been knowing her ever since she'd wore short frocks; and on the square she didn't seem one bit sorry that she'd met up with such a nice old friend as me. Tell you all about it? No, no; not me! Why, that's what I went inside to get away from Miguel for. I'll tell you this, though; she was a fine girl.

Pretty soon she says, as if she'd just remembered: "Oh, dear me! It is time for school! I will go and call the children." She started to go by me; but I caught hold of her hand.

"Let the kids alone," says I. "They're enjoying theirselves. You stay here and tell me this: Ain't I going to see you again?"

She give my hand just the littlest, littlest squeeze before she pulled hers loose. "Ah, who knows?" she says, real soft and sorrowful; and then she give me a shy, slow look from under her eyebrows. "I live in the next village," says she, "and to-morrow night there is a ball—a dance. Who can say? If you are there——"

"*If!*" says I. "If 'if' is all, I'll be there. And now you've got to give me something of yours to keep till then. You've got to, señorita. Haven't you got your picture?"

She turned around to her desk. "It is a very great pity," says she. "There is but one, and it is bestowed already."

"Let me see it," says I, and I took it out of her hand. It was her, all right; and across the front of it was wrote: "With the ardent love of Francesca Lopez."

"That'll do fine!" says I, and I stuck it in the pocket of my shirt.

She made a grab for it. "Oh, no, no, no!" she says. "Oh, you must not! It is another's. He would be mad with jealousy. You must let me have it again."

"All right," says I. "To-morrow night. I'm keeping it till then. I'll give it back to you after we've had our first dance."

She was excited as a chicken with its head off; but Billy Fortune walked off with that picture in his pocket. He's a stubborn man, Billy is.

And he's a good deal of a fool, too, when he tries. I seemed to try real hard right then, because I picked up a chunk of chalk and wrote my name out on Francesca's dinky little blackboard: "William Fortune, Lusk, Wyo."

"There," says I; "if your jealous friend comes along and makes a fuss, there's my card to show him." I expect if I had knew I'd have packed off the blackboard too.

Miguel was terrible sore at me when I was riding off with him. "*Es muy malo!*" he says. "*Muy malo*—bad, very bad. It will have the blood of us. It is much bad." That's the way he went on. But I wasn't paying attention to him. I was thinking.

"Francesca!" thinks I. "Say, Billy, wouldn't that name sound fine in Wyoming? Francesca! Do you reckon she'd go along with you?" Yes, sir, them's the very words I was thinking.

"*Muy malo!*" croaks Miguel.

"Oh, shut up!" says I; and then I kept right on with my thinking: "Francesca, Francesca, Francesca!" A man can be an awful idiot.

It wasn't much of a town when we come to it—nothing but a little clump of them fishpole shanties, built loose. A brisk Wyoming breeze would have tore the whole thing to rags. It was a terrible sleepy joint, too—nothing doing but loaf and smoke. I wasn't caring. Me and Miguel had our dinner, and then I turned him loose by himself, so I could let my mind run on.

"To-morrow night!" thinks I. "To-morrow night you're going to dance with her. You're going to have her in these two arms—Francesca, Francesca, Francesca!" Seemed like that name had just kind of got loose in my head and was frisking around like a colt in a big pasture. And once in a while, right often, I'd take out that picture and look at it: "'With the ardent love of Francesca Lopez.' Oh, that's plenty good enough for me!" says I. "To-morrow night! Francesca, Francesca!" I'd never had it quite so worse before. Come evening, I watched out for her when she'd get to town from school; but if she come I missed her. I didn't set eyes on her again till the big dance was on, after I'd crossed the trail of Mister Señor Don Pedro Alfonso Manuel Jose.

This was the way of it. Next day, along in the afternoon, toward when it was beginning to get dark, I was setting in a little place eating fruit and taking a drink of some of them Mexican drinks. They don't amount to much; but what can a man do? I guess I'd had three or four or so, just to make the time hurry up, when along comes a man in the door.

I wish I could tell you about that man. He was the kind you'd be bound to take notice of: a terrible long man, straight and stiff and thin, all trigged out in a clean white suit and a wide white hat and gold eyeglasses and white canvas shoes, and on top of it all the black face of him and a pair of snappy, red-hot black eyes. He looked a comical chap. He seemed to be real mad about something. The lad that kept the place, he was snoozing in his chair by the door; but this man come up and commenced to pound with his knuckles till he'd got him waked up, and then he started in to talk Mexican. Talk! It fair poured out of him, a million times faster than I could listen. Talk, talk, talk and repeat; talk, talk, talk and repeat. The boss, he seemed scared white and sick, and everybody in the room was turning around to see. I couldn't make out head nor tail of it till pretty soon I heard my name tangled up with the rest. Yes, sir: "Señor William Fortune," says the man.

"Thunder!" says I to myself. "Who's our hot friend, Billy?" And with that I got up and started over to him. "*Yo estoy* Billy Fortune," says I.

Murder! You'd ought to seen him! He went straight up and lit all spraddled out, spitting fire.

"Monster!" he yells. "Debased one! Fiend! You will give me satisfy. I demand it!"

"Why, sure!" says I. "But what's it all about?"

"Ah, most infamous!" he screams. "I am most insult! It is of you! I demand satisfy!"

"Clear as mud," says I. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I? Me? I am el Señor Don Pedro Alfonso Manuel Jose—I am arrristocrrrat! I am of Castile!"

"Castile?" says I. "Oh—Castile? Well, but you needn't act as if you thought I was nothing but the common old yellow laundry kind."

He was too mad to see a plain American joke; it went clean past him. "Hark!" says he. "I explain it. To-day I am go to witness my lady of the heart *en la escuela*—in school-build'—and what am I behold? What? It is written 'William Fortune'—thus! Ah, it is most plain! I am deep insult. I will have satisfy of you, señor."

"'Heart-lady!'" thinks I. "'School-build'!' 'With the ardent love of Francesca Lopez.' 'He will be mad with jealousy.' That's what she said. And is this *It?* Think, Billy, *quick!*"

Ballade of the Bitter-Sweet

By Thomas Lomax Hunter

My son, I pray you mark her well,
  For she is false as she is fair
And bitter-sweet. The Circean spell
  Is woven in her odorous hair;
Her mad'ning beauty is a snare
  By Satan set for foolish feet.
It is not given tongues to tell
  The victims of the Bitter-Sweet.

Her luring laughter sounds the knell
  Of those high heart resolves we swear;
Her flattering honey-lips dispel
  Our dreams like vapors in the air.
No hope we have that she will spare;
  Ambition faints before her feet.
The jewels of our souls we sell
  To pleasure her, the Bitter-Sweet.

Her siren-tongue that sounds so well
  (Her heart is false, her words are fair),
My son, is like a warning bell
  Whose notes forever cry, "Beware."
Subtle of heart, she watches there
  Upon the corner of the street
With many a tempting lie to tell
  The simple ones, the Bitter-Sweet.

L'Envoi

My son, I pray you mark her well—
  In no man's house abide her feet,
And all her ways go down to Hell
  By primrose paths, the Bitter-Sweet.

Now listen. We could have locked horns right there and had it out on the floor, couldn't we? Dead easy! But somehow I didn't seem to want it that way right then. There'd be time enough to lick him afterward. "Lie to him, Billy," says I to myself. "Tell him a good one and make him believe it." "Yes, but hold on a minute," I says. "What has *she* told him? How much does he know?" "What of it?" says I. "You've always got to take long chances on a lie. Take 'em. Go ahead!"

"Señor," says I to him, solemn as a drunk owl—"Señor, your suspiciousness hurts me 'most to death. You do me a horrible wrong. Look at me, good. Do I look like a man that would fool with another man's heart-lady?" I didn't say I wouldn't, you notice; I only asked him if I looked like it. If he guessed wrong, it was his mistake, wasn't it? He didn't answer me; but he come down off his hindlegs and was standing on all four feet, pricking up his ears and listening. That seemed like a good sign. "You wrong the lady, too," says I. "She ain't done nothing to be ashamed of." Well, had she? I couldn't see that she had, considering it was me. "Neither have I," says I. That seemed true, too, considering it was *her*. "You've judged wrong by the looks of things," says I. Leastways I hoped he had. "Be just and noble and generous, señor," says I, and I laid my hand on his arm—just like fool play-acting. "Be just and noble and generous! Come and have a drink."

That's the talk that mostly catches them Greaser boys. They're an awful dry lot. He let me lead him back to my table, and I bought. "Now, then," says I, "you go ahead and name it."

He studied for a while, looking at me; and then his madness commenced to come up again. "But the name of you!" says he. "The name is written with much plain. Sure it is not deny that you are been to the side of the lady in the school-build' in my absent. Tell me that!"

"Oh!" says I. "Is that all the trouble?" I was beginning to feel easy. If my name on the blackboard was all he had to go by, I judged that Francesca hadn't told him much. "Look here," says I, "you're dead wrong. Say, do you know who I am? Let me tell you. I'm the president of the Box-X University of Converse County, Wyoming, United States of America, and I'm down here studying the school system of Cuba. I've just been hiking around the country, stopping at all the schoolhouses I've seen." What was the good of telling him I hadn't seen but that one? "That's what I'm doing," says I. "When I get back home I'm going to make a report to the government of Box-X, and when she's printed I'll send you down one, so you'll see. Now, look at it. I stop at this schoolhouse where your peach of a heart-lady is teacher; I talk to her about schools; I write my name on her blackboard, and I come away. Then you happen along and get up on your ear about it. There, ain't that enough?"

It just had to be enough, because it was all I could think of, making it up as I went along. I held my breath, watching to see how he'd take it. You don't have to believe it; but he swallowed it whole, horns, hoofs and tail. I was so plumb relieved that I took a big taste of brandy. It was so rank hot it made the tears come, and with that I took one last crack at him. "Behold!" says I. "Behold, I weep!"

Well, sir, he was going south! He reached across the table and got hold of my hand, and I'm a liar if he wasn't shedding tears himself.

"Señor," says he, "I make bow down before you. I am apology. I beg the forgive of you. But, señor, hark to my explain. Once, when time I gain my heart-lady, I am much rich—land, sugar, tobacco, cattle, barn, the house of a much large. I say to my heart-lady: 'It is at your feet.' Good! And what then? War! Because I am of Castile I am spite of the people. Fire, burn, destroy—tobacco, sugar, barn, house—all. I am poor—desolate. My heart-lady is not wed of me. 'It is very better wait until presently'—that is her words. I am torment of my mind. Is it the tobacco, the house grand, the richness what she love? My heart say, 'No, no!' But my mind say, 'Maybe so.' Therefore am I continual distract—what one soldier of your United States tell me, 'bug-house.' It is true. I am of a much bad suspect of all men that look to her great beauty. So! But of you, señor, I am abase. When you stay here of my village, what I have, it is before you. I bestow it to you. You are my brother of the guest honor."

There, can you make that out? Wouldn't it put a crimp in you? Maybe you think I felt comfortable and easy setting there, hearing what he said and knowing what I knew. What? Well, guess again, will you? "Here's where we take a sneak, Billy," I says to myself. I'd have done it, too, only I couldn't get far enough away from him after that to get a fair running start. He froze to me. That's the word: froze. No, it ain't either: melted is what I mean.

He took me to supper, and then he took me to the dance. Did you ever see one of them Mexican dances? They're

(Continued on Page 22)

MEN & WOMEN

"All About Longworth"

"GOING to make any speeches this session, Nick?" General Grosvenor asked Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, who is to be the President's son-in-law.

"Yes," said Longworth seriously, "I intend to talk on the Philippines. You know, I was over there this summer and made a lot of observations that I ——"

"Better not, son, better not," warned Grosvenor. "If you do, some unregenerate member of the House will get up, ask what you know about the Philippines, and say that, from all published accounts of that trip, you devoted your time to making love instead of making observations. It might be embarrassing."

Longworth thought about it and concluded Grosvenor was right. He had reasons. As a Representative from Cincinnati, before the announcement of his engagement, he was on the same inconspicuous plane with a hundred other new men. He voted right, went to his committees occasionally, and was seldom heard on the floor. When he came into the limelight as the future husband of the President's daughter, he at once assumed an importance that made him blink. He was fair game for the ungentle—not to say ungentlemanly—joking of his colleagues. They made the most of him, according to their various ideas of pre-nuptial wit and humor. Longworth smiled and took it all in good part, although he said, privately, that conducting a courtship with eighty million people looking on has phases that are more or less burdensome.

Longworth's course during his Congressional hazing indicates his character. He smiles and lets it go at that. He is a young man amenable. He is well-mannered, well-educated, well-connected—everything well and nothing ill. He is rich, good-looking, suave, pleasant, polite. He seeks the point of least resistance.

Longworth is a lawyer, but he never worked at it much. He had a rich father, who was a sort of a Cincinnati Astor in the early days of that city. The father bought land and waited for it to increase in value. It did increase. The estate is large. Longworth will get a third. He has some of it already. Still, after he came from college he did not want to be merely a rich man's son, so he studied law. That gave him an excuse for having an office. Nobody could say he was a drone.

Then, established as a lawyer, with no intention of sitting nights and days with sheepskin-bound books around him, and with livelier tastes than remaining quiet and watching the Longworth real estate increase in value, he cast about for some other occupation that would not entail too much work. He decided on politics. Ambitious young men can go into politics in various ways. The hard way is to go in for one's self and make one's own fight. The easy way is to go in under the direction of somebody already in. It did not take Longworth long to decide. He sounded no bugle cry for reform. He entered on no campaign for municipal betterment. He rallied none around him by shouting: "Down with the machine!" Not he.

A Fair Exchange

INSTEAD, he walked over to the office of George B. Cox, then the boss of the Republican party in Cincinnati, and told what he wanted. Cox looked him over. Longworth was rich. That was the prime essential. He was of good family, clean, popular, and would add to Cox's organization some of the tone it needed. Besides, he might help Cox socially, and Cox had then reached the period that comes in the life of every man of his kind. He wanted to be respectable. Longworth was a valuable recruit. Cox decided to enlist him and did.

Cox is a wily boss. He looked at the aspiring Longworth with an unsentimental eye. He figured on him as an asset—for himself—but, like a true trader, he did not let Longworth know how much of an asset he really was. He merely said he would give Longworth a chance, would try him out to see if he ran true. Longworth was nominated for member of the local Board of Education by Cox's machine and elected by Cox's machine. That was the kindergarten. Longworth was a faithful student. Cox promoted him to the primary department by sending him to the Lower House of the Ohio Legislature. Longworth pursued his political studies diligently. When time came for examination he passed. Cox put him in the Ohio State Senate as the intermediate grade and told his leaders to give Longworth a chance. They let him introduce, and passed for him, the Longworth Municipal Bonding Bill and the Longworth Municipal Charter Bill, measures of some local importance. All the time Longworth smiled, did what he was told, reported consistently to Cox and achieved merit in the eyes of the boss.

William B. Shattuc, a retired railway official, had been in Congress from the First Ohio, the district in which Longworth lives, for three terms. He aspired to a fourth term. A Cincinnati friend met him one day and said: "Bill, I hear you are not going back to Congress."

Honorable Nicholas Longworth

"Who said so?" asked Shattuc, in great alarm.

"Cox."

"Well," sighed Shattuc, "if Cox said so it must be true."

It was true. Cox had decided that Longworth had earned promotion to the High School and told him to announce himself for Congress. There was no opposition in the Republican party. The Democrats were in a small minority and Longworth went to the Fifty-eighth Congress. Cox gave him a renomination. He was again elected and has now begun on his second term.

Speaker Cannon put him on the tail end of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, a good assignment for a young man, and on Pensions. He was merely a cog, but his Ohio training had taught him that the only way for a new member to get anywhere is to formulate one proposition and stick to it. Longworth grappled the Government's niggardly policy in the matter of suitable homes for embassies and legations. He introduced a bill making a large appropriation for establishments in all the foreign countries. The Fifty-eighth Congress was an economical body. No such frills as palaces for ambassadors were considered. Longworth held on to the end. He has introduced his bill again this year and has entered vigorously on his hopeless fight. He will get no appropriation. This is another economical Congress. Longworth will speak on his bill. He spoke on it in the last Congress. Nobody listened. This time everybody will listen, for he is a national character, the future husband of Miss Roosevelt, to be married in the White House, and what he says will be important—for that reason alone.

Longworth is 37 years old, a clean-cut, upstanding, well-groomed young fellow, with a good face, broad shoulders, a well-arched chest and a general air of red-bloodedness about him. He looks fit. He was a college athlete of some distinction and has been a local golf champion.

Longworth met Miss Roosevelt soon after he came to Washington in 1903. He fitted easily and quickly into what Washington knows as "the younger set." For a few months he scattered his attentions. Then, of a sudden, he concentrated on Miss Roosevelt and was her faithful esquire. He was a member of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee in 1904. In October of that year the first report of his engagement to Miss Roosevelt came in a roundabout way. Longworth was asked about it in New York at committee headquarters. He smiled and said: "Manifestly, I cannot discuss such a matter." Rumors continued to come. Many were published.

Last summer a Cincinnati friend of Longworth was asked: "Is Nick engaged to Miss Roosevelt?"

"I don't know," the friend replied, "but I think he is or would like to be. Up to this time he has smiled when they asked him about it. Now he doesn't smile."

Miss Roosevelt went on the Taft trip to the Philippines last summer. So did Longworth. Longworth told a friend that he asked Miss Roosevelt to marry him as they were entering the Imperial Palace at Peking to see the Dowager Empress, and got his answer before they came out. At any rate, he was engaged before he got back to this country, and the engagement was announced at the White House early in December.

Everybody likes Longworth. His manner gives an impression of cordial frankness. He is a good type of the well-balanced, well-bred American citizen, with no assumptions beyond his limitations. Men find him a companionable chap.

One of Higgins' Colonels

WHEN Governor Higgins, of New York, was elected he appointed a personal staff which consists of various gentlemen who desire to be called Colonel for the rest of their lives and, to pay for it, are willing to invest lavishly in gold lace and appear with the Governor on state occasions.

A few days after the Governor was inaugurated an affable, well-dressed man came into the Executive offices at Albany and asked to see the Governor.

The Governor came out, shook hands, chatted for a moment and excused himself. The man stood around for a time in an embarrassed sort of a way and then went out.

"Who was that man?" asked the Governor of Secretary Perley. "It seems to me that I should know him, but I cannot fix him in my mind."

"Yes," said Perley, "I think you should know him, too. He is one of the men you appointed on your personal staff."

Do It Now

SECRETARY TAFT and some heads of departments were at the White House one day recently, discussing a complicated Philippine problem with the President.

One of the party, a hopeless slave to the roundabout way the Government bureaus do business, was explaining at great length why a certain proposition, advanced by the President, was impossible.

"You see, Mr. President," he said, "your plan is not in accordance with the Government procedure. We do things differently. It will require reference back to my bureau and then we shall get reports from everybody, make the proper indorsements, and go at it according to the system that prevails."

"But," insisted the President, "why cannot we avoid all this red tape and do the thing sensibly?"

"Red tape?" gasped the department head; "why, without that red tape I am afraid it would not be legal."

"Oh," said the President, smiling affably, "if that is all we will remove the taint of legality and do it now."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Governor LaFollette, the railroad-rate reformer from Wisconsin, who has just taken his seat in the United States Senate, is a vegetarian.

¶ Theodore P. Shonts, chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, is a talented violin player. Postmaster-General Cortelyou is equally expert on the piano.

¶ Senator Tillman, the rip-roaring, pitchfork-brandishing, eat-'em-alive statesman from South Carolina, is, in private life, the mildest-mannered man from the South. He makes a fad of the cultivation of roses at his home in Trenton.

¶ John M. Gearin, the newly-appointed Senator from Oregon, comes from a law office in Portland that breeds Senators, apparently. Three other lawyers from the same office have preceded him: Dolph, Simon and Mitchell. These were Republicans, but Gearin is a Democrat.

¶ Joseph Bucklin Bishop, the Panama Canal "press agent," or "ten-thousand-dollar beauty," as he was called in Congress, used to be the editor of the old Commercial Advertiser in New York. When President Roosevelt was Governor of New York Bishop's paper was the Governor's organ. Mr. Roosevelt frequently wrote long, double-leaded editorial articles, advancing some policy, for the paper, although not many people knew it.

¶ Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, the richest man in the Senate, and one of the richest in the United States, has a high, reedy tenor voice of which he is very proud. He gives elaborate dinner-parties and sings The Star Spangled Banner, Sally in Our Alley and other similar songs for his guests. He studied with an opera singer in Paris for a time, on one of his trips to Europe, and accompanies his songs with many Caruso-like gestures. The guests have to listen.

LADY BALTIMORE

BY OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

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XXI—(Continued)

WHILE the cabin boy continued to rush among the guests with siphons, ice and fresh refreshments, Charley became the Hermana's guide-book for me; and our interview gave me, I may say, entertainment unalloyed, although there lay all the while, beneath the entertainment, my sadness and concern about John. Charley was owner of the Hermana, there was no doubt of that; she had cost him (it was not long before he told me) fifty thousand dollars, and to run her it cost him a thousand a month. Yes, he was her owner, but there it stopped, no matter with how solemn a face he inspected each part of her, or spoke of her details; he was as much a passenger on her as myself; and this was as plain on the equally solemn faces of his crew, from the sailing-master down through the two quartermasters to the five deck-hands, as was the color of the Hermana's stack, which was, of course, yellow. She was a pole-mast, schooner-rigged steam yacht, Charley accurately told me, with clipper bow and spiked bowsprit.

"About a hundred tons?" I inquired.

"Yes. A hundred feet long, beam twenty feet, and she draws twelve feet," said Charley; and I thought I detected the mate listening to him.

He now called my attention to the flags, and I am certain that I saw the sailing-master hide his mouth with his hand. Some of the deck-hands seemed to gather delicately nearer to us.

"Sunday, of course," I said; and I pointed to the Jack flying from a staff at the bow.

But Charley did not wish me to tell him; he wished to tell me. "I am very strict about all this," he said, his gravity and nauticality increasing with every word. "At the fore truck flies our club burgee."

I went through my part, giving a solemn, silent, intelligent assent.

"That is my private signal at the main truck. It was designed by Miss Rieppe."

As I again intelligently nodded, I saw the boatswain move an elbow into the ribs of one of the quartermasters.

"On the staff at the taffrail I have the United States yacht ensign," Charley continued. "That's all," he said, looking about for more flags, and finding none. "But at twelve o'c—at eight bells, the crew's meal-flag will be in the port fore rigging. While we are at lunch my meal-flag will be in the starboard main rigging."

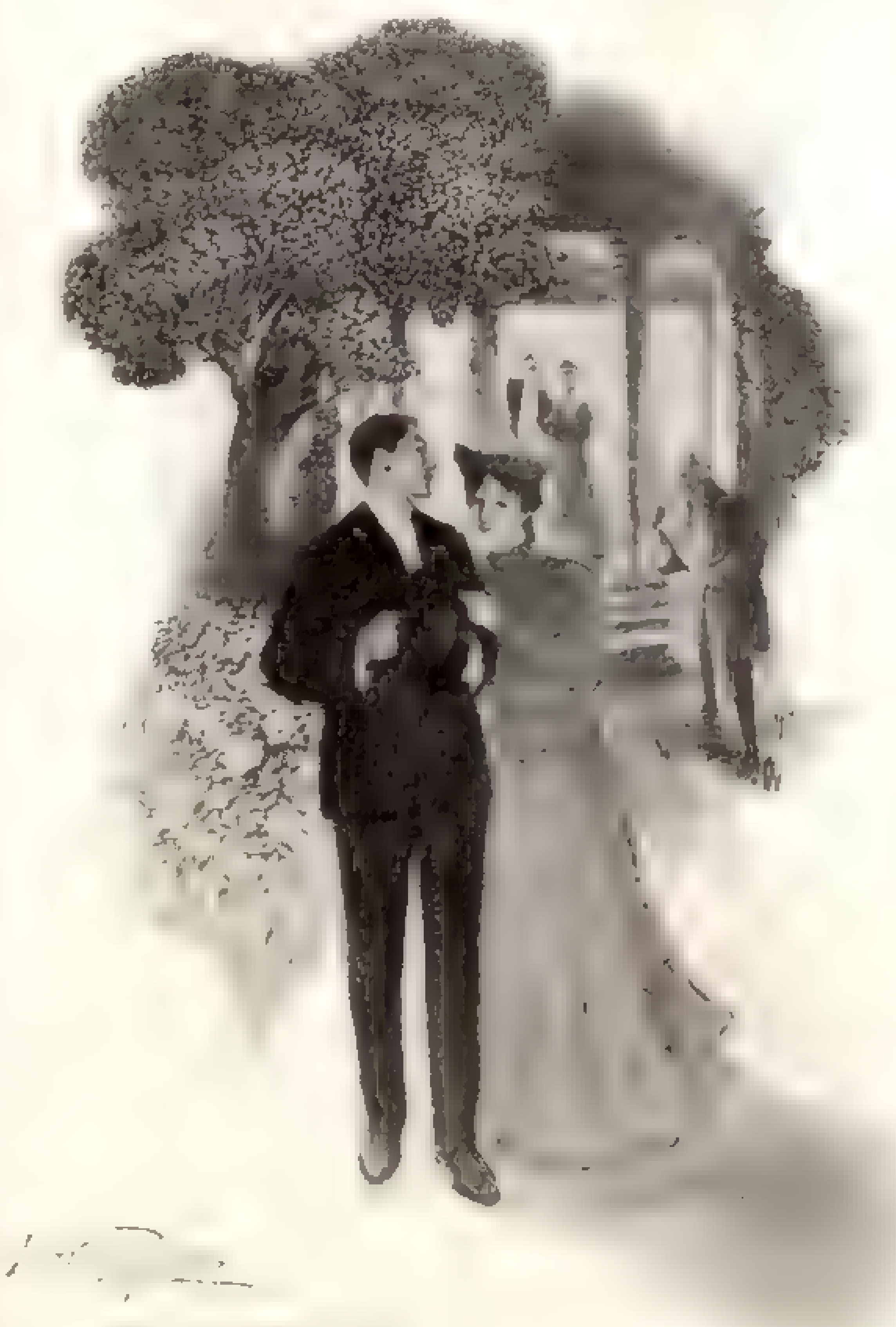
"It should be there all day," I was tempted to remark to him, as my wandering eye fell on the cabin boy carrying something to Kitty. But instead of this I said: "Well, she's a beautiful boat!"

Charley shook his head. "I'm going to get rid of her."

I was surprised. "Isn't she all right?" It seemed to me that the crew behind us were very attentive now.

"There is not enough refrigerator space," said Charley. One of the deck-hands whirled round instantly; but stolidity sat like adamant upon the faces of the others as Charley turned in their direction, and we continued our tour of the Hermana.

But Kitty, despite her gayety, had serious thoughts upon her mind. Charley's attentions to me had met all that politeness required, and as we went aft again his sister caused certain movements and rearrangements to happen, with chairs and people. I didn't know this at once, but I knew it when I found myself somehow sitting with her and John, and saw Hortense with Charley. Hortense looked over at Kitty with a something that had in it both raised eyebrows and a shrug, though these visible signs did not occur; and, indeed, so far as anything visible went (except the look), you might have supposed that now Hortense had no thoughts for any man in the world save Charley. And John was plainly more at ease with Kitty! He began to make himself agreeable, so that once or twice she gave him a glance of surprise. There was nothing to mark him out from the others, except his paleness in the midst of their redness. Yachting clothes bring out wonderfully how much you are in the habit of eating and drinking; and an innocent stranger might have supposed that the Replacers were richly sunburned from exposure to the blazing waters of Cuba and the tropics. Kitty deemed it suitable to extol Kings Port to John. "Quaint" was the word that did most of this work for her; she found everything that—even the negroes; and when she had come to the end of it she supposed the inside must be just as "quaint" as the outside.



John's Gay Good-by was the Last Word I Heard

"It is," said John Mayrant. He was enjoying Kitty. Then he became impertinent. "You ought to see it."

"Do you stay inside much?" said Kitty.

"We all do," said John. "Some of us never come out."

"But you came out?" Kitty suggested.

"Oh, I've *been* out," John returned. He was getting older. I doubt if the past few years of his life had matured him as much as had the past few days. Then he looked Kitty in the eyes. "And I'd always come out—if Romance rang the bell."

"Hm!" said Kitty. "Then you know that ring?"

"We begin to hear it early in Kings Port," remarked John. "About the age of fourteen."

Kitty looked at him with an interest that now plainly revealed curiosity also. It occurred to me that he could not have found any great embarrassment in getting on at Newport. "What if I rang the bell myself?" experimented Kitty.

"Come in the evening," returned John. "We won't go home till morning."

Kitty kissed her hand to him, and, during the pleased giggle that she gave, I saw her first taking in John and then Hortense. Kitty was thinking, thinking of John's "crudity." And so I made a little experiment for myself

"I wonder if men seem as similar in making love as women do in receiving it?"

"They aren't!" shouted both John and Kitty in the same indignant breath. Their noise brought Bohm to listen to us.

This experiment was so much a success that I promptly made another for the special benefit of Bohm, Kitty's next husband. I addressed Kitty. "What would you do if a man said he could drown in your hair as joyfully as the Duke of Clarence did in his butt of Malmsey?"

"Why—why—" gasped Kitty, "why—why ——"

I suppose it gave John time; but even so he was splendid. "She has heard it said!" This was his triumphant shout.

I should not have supposed that Kitty could have turned any redder, but she did. John buried his nose in his tall glass, and gulped a choking quantity of its contents, and mopped his face profusely; but little good that effected. There sat this altogether innocent pair, deeply suffused with the crimson of apparent guilt, and there stood Kitty's next husband, eying them suspiciously.

Vivacious measures from the piano brought Kitty to her feet.

"There's Gazza!" she cried. "We'll make him sing!" And on the instant she was gone down the companionway. Bohm followed her with a less agitated speed, and soon all were gone below, leaving John and me alone on the deck, sitting together in silence.

John lolled back in his chair, slowly sipping at his tall glass, and neither of us made any remark. I think he wanted to ask me how I came to mention the Duke of Clarence; but I did not see how he very well could, and he certainly made no attempt to do so. Thus did we sit for some time, hearing the piano and the company grow livelier and louder with solos, and choruses, and laughter. By-and-by the shadow of the awning shifted, causing me to look up, when I saw the shores slowly changing; the tide had turned, and was beginning to run out. Land and water lay in immense peace; the long, white, silent picture of the town with its steeples on the one hand, and on the other the long, low shore, and the trees behind. Into this rose the high voice of Gazza, singing in broken English, "Razzla-dazzla, razzla-dazzla," while his hearers beat upon glasses with spoons—at least so I conjectured.

"Aren't you coming, John?" asked Hortense, appearing at the companionway. She looked very bacchanalian.

He obeyed her; and now I had the deck entirely to myself, or, rather, but one other and distant person shared it with me. The hour had come, the bells had struck; Charley's crew was eating its dinner below forward; Charley's guests were drinking their liquor below aft; Charley's correct meal-flag was to be seen in the port fore rigging, as he had said, red and triangular; and away off from me in the bow was the anchor watch, whom I dreamily watched trying to light his pipe. His matches seemed to be bad; and the brotherly thought of helping him drifted into my mind—and comfortably out of it again, without disturbing my agreeable repose. It had been really entertaining in John to tell Kitty that she ought to see the inside of Kings Port; that was like his engaging impishness with Juno. If by any possible contrivance (and none was possible) Kitty and her Replacers could have met the inside of Kings Port, Kitty would have added one more "quaint" impression to her stock, and gone away in total ignorance of the quality of the impression she had made—and Bohm would probably have again remarked, "Worse than Sunday."

No; the St. Michaels and the Replacers would never meet in this world, and I see no reason that they should in the next. John's light and pleasing skirmish with Kitty gave me the glimpse of his capacities which I had lacked hitherto. John evidently "knew his way about," as they say; and I was diverted to think how Miss Josephine St. Michael would have nodded over his adequacy and shaken her head at his squandering it on such a companion. But it was no squandering; the boy's heavy spirit was making a gallant "bluff" at playing up with the lively party he had no choice but to join, and this one saw the moment he was not called upon to play up.

The peaceful loveliness that floated from earth and water around me triumphed over the jangling hilarity of the cabin, and I dozed away, aware that they were now all thumping furiously in chorus, while Gazza sang something that went, "Oh, she's my leetle preety poosee pet." When I roused, it was Kitty's voice at the piano, but no change in the quality of the song or the thumping; and Hortense was stepping on deck. She had a cigarette, her beauty flashed with devilment, and John followed her. "They are going to have an explanation," I thought, as I saw his face. If that were so, then Kitty had blundered in her strategy, and hurt Charley's cause; for after the two came Gazza, as obviously "sent" as any emissary ever looked: Kitty took care of the singing, while Gazza intercepted any tête-à-tête. I rose and made a fourth with them, and even as I was drawing near the devilment in Hortense's face sank inward beneath cold displeasure.

I had never been a welcome person to Hortense, and she made as little effort to conceal this as usual. Her indifferent eyes glanced at me with drowsy insolence, and she made her beautiful, low voice as remote and inattentive as her skillful social equipment could render it.

"It is so hot in the cabin."

This was all she had for me. Then she looked at Gazza with returning animation.

"Oh, la-la!" said Gazza. "If it is hot in the cabin!" And he flirted his handkerchief back and forth.

"I think I had the best of it," I remarked. "All the melody and none of the temperature."

Hortense saw no need of noticing me further.

"The singer has the worst of it," said Gazza.

"But since you all sang!" I laughed.

"Miss Rieppe, she is cool," continued Gazza. "And she danced. It is not fair."

John contributed nothing. He was by no means playing up now. He was looking away at the shore.

Gazza hummed a little fragment. "But after lunch I will sing you good music."

"So long as it keeps us cool," I suggested.

"Ah, no! It will not be cool music!" cried Gazza—"for those who understand."

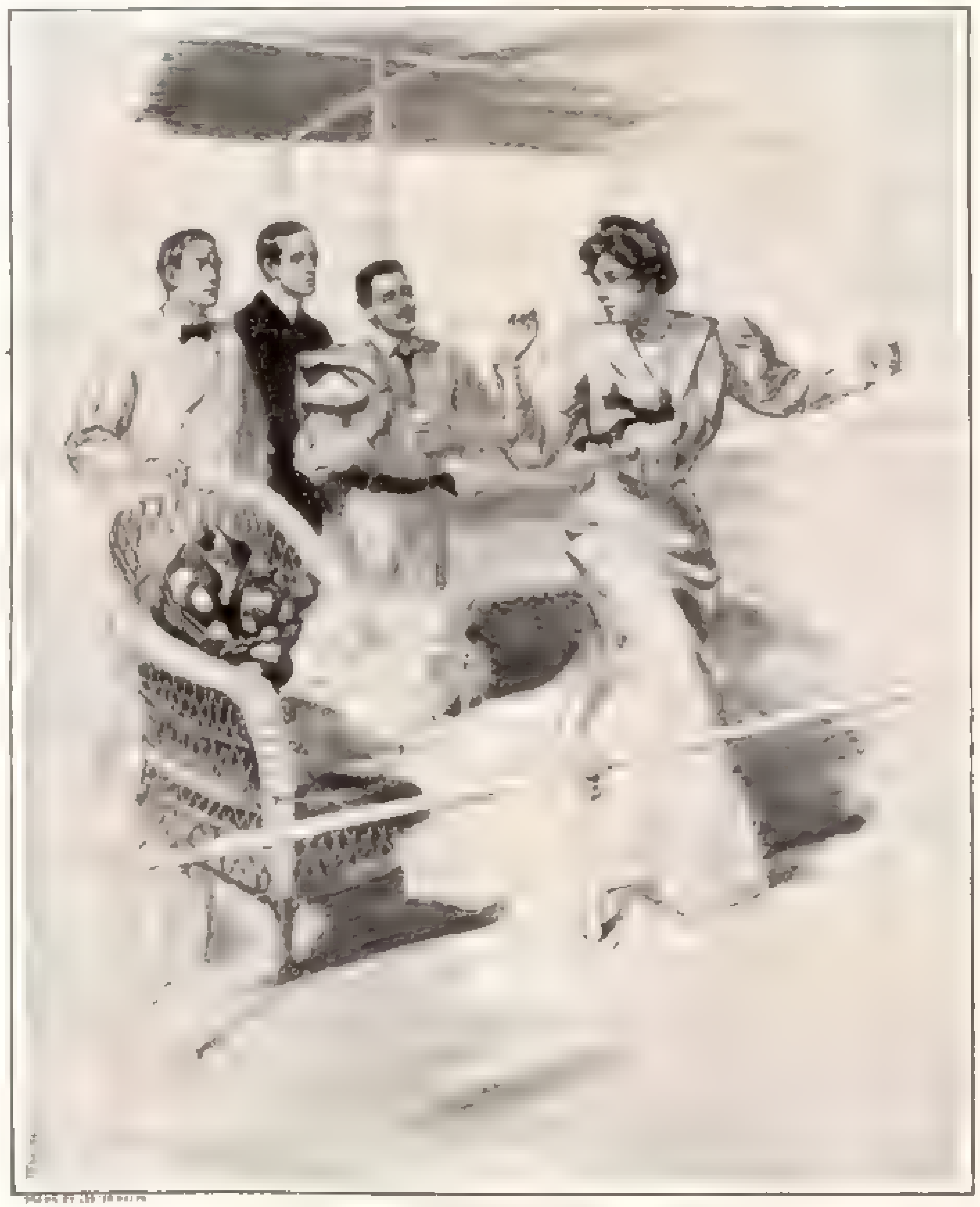
"Are those boys bathing?" Hortense now inquired.

We watched the distant figures, and presently they flashed into the water.

"Oh, me!" sighed Gazza. "If I were a boy!"

Hortense looked at him. "You would be afraid." The devilment had come out again, suddenly and brilliantly.

"I never have been afraid!" declared Gazza.



"Oh, Yes, You Would!" Said Hortense

"You would not jump in after me," said Hortense, taking his measure more and more provokingly.

Gazza laid his hand on his heart. "Where you go, I will go!"

Hortense looked at him, and laughed very slightly and lightly.

"I swear it! I swear!" protested Gazza.

John's eyes were now fixed upon Hortense.

"Would you go?" she asked him.

"Decidedly not!" he returned. I don't know whether he was angry or anxious.

"Oh, yes, you would!" said Hortense; and she jumped into the water, cigarette and all.

"Get a boat, quick," said John to me; and with his coat flung off he was in the river, whose current Hortense could scarce have reckoned with; for they were both already astern as I ran out on the port boat boom.

Gazza was dancing and shrieking, "Man overboard!" which, indeed, was the correct expression, only it did not apply to himself. Gazza was a very sensible person. I had, as I dropped into the nearest boat, a brisk sight of the sailing-master springing like a jack-in-the-box on the deserted deck, with a roar of "Where's that hay-maker?" His reference was to the anchor watch. The temptation to procure good matches to light his pipe had ended (I learned later) by proving too much for this responsible sailor-man, and he had unfortunately chosen for going below just the unexpected moment when it had entered the daring head of Hortense to perform this extravagance. Of course, before I had pulled many strokes, the deck of the Hermana was alive with many manifestations of life-saving, and they had most likely been in time. But I am not perfectly sure of this; the current was strong, and a surprising distance seemed to broaden between me and the Hermana before another boat came into sight around her stern. By then, or just after that (for I cannot clearly remember the details of those few anxious minutes), I had caught up with John, whose face, and total silence, as he gripped the stern of the boat with one hand and held Hortense with the other, plainly betrayed it was high time somebody came. A man can swim (especially in salt water) with his shoes on, and his clothes add nothing of embarrassment, if his arms are free; but a woman's clothes do not help either his buoyancy or the freedom of his movement. John now lifted Hortense's two hands, which took a good hold of the boat. From between her lips the disheveled cigarette, bitten through and limp, fell into the water. The boat felt the weight of the two hands on it.

"Take care," I warned John.

Hortense opened her eyes and looked at me; she knew that I meant her. "I'll not swamp you." This was her first remark. Her next was when, after no incautious haste, I had hauled her in over the stern, John working round to the bow for the sake of balance: "I was not dressed for swimming." Very quietly did Hortense speak; very coolly, very evenly; no fainting—and no flippancy; she was too game for either.

After this, whatever emotions she had felt, or was feeling, she showed none of them, unless it was by her complete silence. John's coming into the boat we managed with sufficient dexterity; aided by the horrified Charley, who now arrived personally in the other boat, and was for taking all three of us into that. But this was altogether unnecessary; he was made to understand that such transferences as it would occasion were superfluous, and so one of his men stepped into our boat to help me row back against the current; and for this I was not unthankful.

Our return took, it appeared to me, a much longer time than everything else which had happened. When I looked over my shoulder at the Hermana she seemed an incredible distance off, and when I looked again she had grown so very little nearer that I abandoned this fruitless proceeding. Charley's boat had gone ahead to announce the good news to General Rieppe as soon as possible. But if our return was long to me, to Hortense it was not so. She sat beside her lover in the stern, and I knew that he was more to her than ever: it was her spirit also that wanted him now. Poor Kitty's words of prophecy had come perversely true: "Something will happen, and that boy'll be conspicuous." Well, it had happened with a vengeance, and all wrong for Kitty, and all wrong for me! Then I remembered Charley, last of all. My doubt as to what he would have done, had he been on deck, was settled later by learning from his own lips that he did not know how to swim.

Yes, the sentimental world (and by that I mean the immense and mournful preponderance of fools, and not the few of true sentiment) would soon be exclaiming: "How romantic! She found her heart! She had a glimpse of Death's angel, and in that light saw her life's true happiness!" But I should say nothing like that, nor would Miss Josephine St. Michael, if I read that lady at all right. She didn't know what I did about Hortense, she hadn't overheard Sophistication confessing amorous curiosity about Innocence; but the old Kings Port lady's sound instinct would tell her that a souse in the water wasn't likely to be enough to wash away the seasoning of a lifetime; and she would wait, as I should, for the day when Hortense, having had her taste of John's innocence, and having grown used to the souse in the water, would wax restless for the Replacers, for excitement, for complexity, for the prismatic life. Then it might interest her to corrupt John; but if she couldn't, where would her occupation be, and how were they going to pull through?

But now, there sat Hortense in the stern, melted into whatever best she was capable of; it had come into her face, her face was to be read—for the first time since I had known it—and, strangely enough, I couldn't read John's at all. It seemed happy, which was impossible.

"Way enough!" he cried comically, and, at his command, the sailor and I took in our oars. Here was the Hermana's gangway, and crowding faces above, and ejaculations and tears from Kitty. Yes, Hortense would have liked that "row" to last longer. I was first on the gangway, and stood to wait and give them a hand out; but she lingered, and, rising slowly, spoke her first word to him, softly:

"And so I owe you my life."

"And so I restore it to you complete," said John instantly.

None could have heard it but myself—unless the sailor, beyond whose comprehension it was—and I doubted for a moment if I could have heard right; but it was for a moment only. Hortense stood stiff, and then, turning, came in front of him, and I read her face for an instant longer, before the furious hate in it was mastered to meet her father's embrace, as I helped her up the gangway.

"Daughter mine!" said the General, with a magnificent break in his voice.

But Hortense was game to the end. She took Kitty's hysterics and the men's various grades of congratulation; her word to Gazza would have been supreme, but for his imperishable rejoinder.

"I told you you wouldn't jump," was what she said.

Gazza stretched both arms, pointing to John. "But a native! He was surer to find you!"

At this they all remembered John, whom they thus far hadn't thought of.

"Where is that lion-hearted boy?" the General called out.

John hadn't got out of the boat; he thought he ought to change his clothes, he said; and when Charley, truly astonished, proffered his entire wardrobe and reminded him of lunch, it was thank you very much, but if he could be put ashore – I looked for Hortense to see what she would do, but Hortense had gone below with Kitty to change *her* clothes, and the genuinely hearty protestations from all the rest brought merely pleasantly firm politeness from John. At least he would take a drink, urged Charley. Yes, thank you, he would; and he chose brandy-and-soda, of which he poured himself a remarkably stiff one. Charley and I poured ourselves milder ones, for the sake of company.

"Here's how," said Charley to John.

"Yes; here's how," I added more emphatically.

John looked at Charley with a somewhat extraordinary smile. "Here's unquestionably how!" he exclaimed.

We had a gay lunch; I should have supposed there was plenty of room in the Hermana's refrigerator; nor did the absence of Hortense and John, the cause of our jubilation, at all interfere with the jubilation itself; by the time the launch was ready to put me ashore, Gazza had sung several miles of "good music" and double that quantity of "razzla-dazzla," and General Rieppe was crying copiously, and assuring everybody that God was very good to him. But Kitty had told us all that she intended Hortense to remain quiet in her cabin; and she kept her word.

Quite suddenly, as the launch was speeding me toward Kings Port, I exclaimed aloud: "The cake!"

And, I thought, the cake was now settled forever.

XXII – BEHIND THE TIMES

IT WAS my lot to attend but one of the weddings which Hortense precipitated (or at least determined) by her plunge into the water; and, truth to say, the honor of my presence at the other was not requested; therefore I am unable to describe the nuptials of Hortense and Charley. But the papers were full of them; what the female guests wore, what the male guests were worth, and what both ate and drank, was set forth in many columns of printed matter; and if you did not happen to see this, just read the account of the next wedding that occurs among the New York yellow rich, and you will know how Charley and Hortense were married; for it's always the

(Continued on Page 18)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A°. D°. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR
PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 27, 1906

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year. In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union
Single Subscriptions, $3.25. In Clubs, $2.50 Each
Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Beware of false profits.

¶ Be sure your wife will find you out.

¶ Books save some people a lot of thinking.

¶ Ability is man's capital; success is the interest that capital earns.

¶ Getting a husband is easy enough; keeping one is what requires genius.

¶ Diplomacy consists merely in getting what you want, whether it is an empire, a husband or a doll.

¶ The attempt to prove that two can live as cheaply as one often results in the necessity to provide for three.

¶ When a woman wins an argument with tears a man begins to understand why Nature did not endow her with logic.

Some Commercialism

WE ARE an exceedingly commercialized nation. Everybody says so. Perhaps that is the reason we make a public question out of the domestic affairs of the president of a large corporation. Certainly, the admirably uncommercial peoples of Southern Europe would not dream of doing so. They have a feeling for Life as Art, and you cannot go boggling up Art with crude considerations of orthodox morality. While our feeling is mostly for Life as Business, a very simple standard of conduct in what is, after all, the greatest relation in life will probably remain one of the strongest forces among us—a force so strong that it has crushed very powerful men. In fact, scarcely any man, not completely detached from the public by wealth and idleness, may encounter its full brunt and survive. We recall the head of a financial concern, scarcely second in importance to any in the country, who resigned because his enemies threatened to expose his private life, and he knew he could not stand that; a man in a public position of great power, to whom everything, including the Presidency, seemed open, who retired to obscurity under like conditions. But illustrations are not needed. The big fact is well known. A man accused by a faithful wife is tremendously handicapped. This is crude and inartistic, and it is mostly what we really mean when we talk about ourselves as being commercialized. It focuses the most salient difference between us and artistic peoples.

Railroad Pessimists

THE trouble with many railroad men is that they are pessimists. They will not look on the bright side of the rate-regulating business. It is true, as they lugubriously point out, that the roads, under their uncontrolled management, have developed a splendid efficiency in operation, moving trains faster and cheaper than anywhere else in the world. But, bless their hearts, all this good will be saved after the Government has taken a hand in rate-making, where they have signally, egregiously, confessedly failed.

Figs do grow from thistles. The Union Pacific was rather sinfully nurtured. Its Crédit Mobilier scandal shocked the country. But the real good that was in the enterprise remained. It led the way for the other trans-continental lines, and performed a highly valuable public service. A few years ago, in Chicago, an enterprising quasi-political crowd procured from a complaisant city council an ordinance for a pretended competing telephone plant, under the wide-open terms of which they cheerfully began constructing a system of subways beneath the city streets. Public temper changed. The enterprise was called to a halt and forced to accept an amended grant, giving the city full supervision. Some twenty miles of tunnels have been constructed, which will become the property of the municipality and which will give a unique underground method of freight and parcel transportation that will be of important public benefit. Instances might be multiplied. Whatever is valuable in the Standard Oil and beef organizations will be saved.

The railroad men must cheer up. Assuredly the good that they have accomplished in the operating field, where they admittedly have been highly competent, will not be lost because the Government intervenes in the rate-making field, where they have admittedly been incompetent.

This view is urged upon them because their objection to Government intervention is not selfish, but is based, as they point out, upon patriotic fear that the roads will be made less efficient thereby. This fear is quite unfounded.

We're All Oppressed

THE other day a seat on the New York Stock Exchange sold for $95,000. Persons able to pay this price for the privilege of belonging to any organization would probably be considered lucky by the rank and file of mankind. In all large cities the stockbrokers seem to bask in Fortune's sunniest smiles. They have handsome offices, live in fine houses and ride in automobiles, though they neither toil excessively nor spin overtime.

Yet the iron heel of the oppressor is on their necks, grinding them into dust. The day the seat sold for $95,000 call loans to brokers advanced to fifty per cent., soon after to one hundred per cent., and the Street was filled with a great wail that a soulless combination of banks was robbing everybody blind. Once when Colonel Gates and his combination of millionaire speculators encountered adverse conditions and a more powerful combination, one of the losers explained, in a voice trembling with emotion, that concentration of wealth in the hands of a few rapacious individuals had been carried to such length that a man worth less than half a billion scarce dare buy more than a thousand shares of stock at a time on margin, and the Constitution of the United States was mere waste paper. Mr. Lawson, of Boston, first perceived that liberty was perishing when his own overflowing apple-cart ran into Mr. Rogers' two-horse dray. Mr. Hill, engaged in a tug of war with Mr. Harriman, plainly sees a public menace in the power of the Standard Oil crowd, which is backing his rival, and Mr. Harriman has grave doubts, of a patriotic character, concerning the mighty Morgan, who is furnishing ammunition to the other side. As for Mr. Rockefeller himself, we know from his friends that a ruthless press, abetted by a lot of investigating committees, has erected a tyranny more odious than Nero's.

From bootblack to railroad president we are all oppressed, and will be, not only until the race is not to the swift and the battle to the strong, but until time and chance no longer happeneth to all. Obviously, it is good philosophy to accept it as cheerfully as possible.

A Little Object-Lesson

A YEAR has elapsed since Messrs. Hyde and Alexander, in the course of their personal shindy, inadvertently tipped the lid off life insurance. Each intervening day has brought forth some disclosure of graft or abuse of trust, and several million policy-holders are now positively overflowing with the painful knowledge that they have been exploited. Yet they have done nothing of an effective sort to protect themselves. Two, at least, of the big companies are purely mutual. By organizing, the policy-holders could take over the government; but we fail to hear of any comprehensive move in that direction. Mr. Ryan has handed the management of the Equitable to Mr. Morton—perhaps a most admirable choice; but it was Mr. Ryan's choice, not the policy-holders'. The same Mutual trustees who found the McCurdy régime satisfactory have picked out a Mr. Peabody to take care of the insured's millions. A Mr. Orr is to guide the destinies of the New York Life. The hope of Federal control cheered up policy-holders for a time; but the probability is that this hope will fail—so some millions of insured, with some hundreds of millions of money at stake, will have to depend upon such protection as the various State departments may afford, or upon the forbearance of the gentlemen in the head offices.

If these had been small concerns, the people interested would have got together and made their power felt. But few of our concerns are small nowadays. Men who inspire confidence in Tennessee are strangers and inspire none in Wisconsin. To get up a national rallying-point, to find an ingredient—aside from that already proved in Washington—which will give cohesion to our mass, is a difficult thing. The life-insurance policy-holders do not appear to be finding it, or trying very hard. It is an object-lesson in the futility of State sovereignty.

The Gagged House

BOURKE COCKRAN, always eloquent and usually futile, proposes a constitutional amendment to make the term of members of the House of Representatives four years instead of two. His premises are sound enough, but his conclusions do not follow.

It is true that the House member, with a two-year term, no sooner takes his seat than he is confronted with another election. He is kept so busy fencing his own uncertain little political pasture with a public building here and a post-office there, that he hasn't time to count for anything in national affairs. He is gagged and caucused into nonentity, and what his House does in questions of large importance is a matter of agreement between the President and the Speaker.

This is true and possibly regrettable; true, also, that this leaves the Senate really to represent the legislative branch of government, and the Senate is often a poor representative, because its members have so long a tenure and so much individual power that they are but indifferently responsive to the public will. The common criticism of Congress is either that a member of the Lower House is powerless, or that one of the Upper House is powerful.

As a practical fact, the machine works pretty well, and its worst fault rises not out of the helplessness of the lower body, but out of the power of the upper. About nine times out of ten, when the President is telling the House what to do, he is expressing a popular demand. There is no danger that the legislative prerogative will be entirely usurped by the Executive. The Senate will look out for that. The performances of the House when it is left to its own sweet will do not lead one to hope for extensive public advantages from increasing its power.

Expanding the Currency

WHILE call money in New York, the latter part of the year, commanded as much as one hundred per cent., the various big speculative pools operating in the stock market held up prices. This surprised a good many people. The stocks that are most extensively dealt in showed an average advance of about $20 a share over December, 1904, and about $35 a share over March, 1904. Considerable was said about inflation and the dangers attendant thereon.

The volume of money in the United States was increased over eighty million dollars during 1905, and over two hundred million dollars in two years. The larger part of the increase, of course, was in national bank notes, the issue of which was greatly stimulated by the reduction of taxes on such circulation as is secured by the two per cent. bonds. In December, Congress accepted the Administration's proposal that the new Panama Canal bonds, of which many millions will be issued the next five years, be put on a parity with the two per cents. in that national bank circulation secured by them will be taxed only half as much as circulation secured by other bonds. The provision is expected to make the bonds marketable to the banks at a low rate of interest—in which event there will be a further large expansion of circulation. This prospective expansion was one of the motives that induced the pools to hold up stock prices, for currency expansion nourishes speculation.

We are not sounding a note of alarm, but merely recording an interesting fact that might otherwise escape wide attention. In 1893 the public was officially informed that the reason it was broke was that statesmanship at Washington had made a calamitous error by inflating the currency with a lot of silver. When the silver coinage act was passed, people were thinking only about crops, the iron trade and the like. Whatever is done at Washington that affects the currency may be as important a factor in business as any other. The present Treasury administration has bent every effort to expand the currency. Let us hope it has acted wisely—but not overlook the fact.

Stubborn Fact

THERE are those who have grown tired of all the talk about health and sanitation, have lifted the banner of reaction, and are crying: "Let's stop thinking about one's insides! The watched kettle doesn't boil. We are in danger of becoming a race of hypochondriacs."

True, there is nothing worse for one's insides than thinking about them—except, possibly, tinkering with them. But the crusade for education in matters of hygiene is not a crusade for more thinking about the workings of the machine.

It's sad that buckwheat cakes and coffee aren't as good as they taste—it's one of the tragedies of life. But there's the stubborn fact.

The United States of Muscovy

BY W. T. STEAD

THE Russian Empire, as one vast, unified, centralized, despotic state, is disappearing from our sight—submerged by the revolutionary flood. When the waters subside, and the peaks of the mountains appear and it is once more dry land, there are those who believe that everything will be as it was before, only more so. Anarchy will once more beget Autocracy and the revolution will be followed by Cæsarism in due order of succession. There are others who prophesy a new Russia which will differ from the old in almost every particular. Instead of an autocratic, centralized empire there will be a decentralized federation of autonomous states, held together by a kind of hereditary Czar President and a Federal Council. As in Russia of to-day anything may happen, it may not be without interest to American readers to hear something concerning the possible evolution of the United States of Muscovy.

That such things should even be dreamed of is a striking illustration of the gradual permeation of the mind of man by the American idea. The Americanization of the world must indeed be making great strides when the transformation of the Russian military centralized empire into a Muscovite counterpart of the American Republic can be discussed by sane men as a contingency well within the domain of practical politics. Yet, long before the revolution had threatened the overthrow of the Autocracy, I was told by a distinguished Russian publicist in St. Petersburg that the federation of Russia was inevitable if Russians refused to face the tremendous ordeal of another war. The principle of federation is more distinctly American than the principle of a republic. France is a republic equally with America. But France is almost as centralized as Russia. If, therefore, Russia were to be federalized, it would be a remarkable illustration of how the ideas of the American Constitution are making the tour of the world.

The talk about federation first came to my ears immediately after the signature of the peace of Portsmouth. "Russia has renounced nothing!" passionately exclaimed some. "Russia can only accept this hateful peace as a truce." "The Russian Empire," said one of these patriots, "can only exist as an empire by virtue of her army, and that army victorious. Like the French, who in 1870 discovered how fatally easy campaigns against barbarians demoralize armies who have to be pitted against civilized foes, our defeats in Manchuria were due to our victories in Central Asia. We have now to begin again to create a great new army—and how can you create a victorious army except by a great war?" So argued to me one of the most distinguished of Russian publicists, a man who had seen seven months of carnage in Manchuria, but who, none the less, asserted passionately the necessity for a new way if Russia were to remain an empire. "If there is to be no war," he exclaimed, "then the alternative is to replace the military empire by a great Russian Federation! War or Federation? These are the alternatives; there is no other choice."

The Wind of Revolution

SOME months have passed since these words were spoken and the idea of federation has made much progress. The army has become the prey of revolutionary discontent. No one any longer speaks of the possibility of the reëstablishment of the lost prestige of the empire. In the immediate future there looms immediately ahead blood-red anarchy. But afterward? Failing the appearance of some Russian Napoleon, there will undoubtedly be a tendency, during the period of confusion, toward disintegration. No one can predict exactly what new combinations will be formed, or within what frontiers the warring elements will crystallize into shape. But the control of St. Petersburg, and the centralized military and bureaucratic authority, being withdrawn, the centrifugal forces will have full play. Various semi-independent centres of authority will be evolved by a process of natural selection, which can only be brought into union by federation or by conquest. In the absence of a Muscovite Napoleon, conquest is out of the question. It follows that federation of one sort or another is the only practical alternative to the creation of at least half a dozen independent sovereign states out of the ruins of the Empire.

When I was beginning to plan out this article in St. Petersburg three months ago I was startled by a loud report, like the discharge of a cannon or the bursting of a bomb. I looked out of my window to the gilded cupolas of the great memorial church which has been erected on the spot where Alexander II was slain in the streets of the capital. St. Petersburg was then as tranquil as Philadelphia, but I never saw that church without a shudder. This time, however, it was no bomb. It was merely the firing of the cannon at the fortress which warns St. Petersburgers that the Neva is rising. Late in the afternoon I drove to the quay to see the flood. It was an extraordinary spectacle. The monstrous wooden barges lying below the granite wall which lines the quay were towering high above the street level, and the water itself was within a foot of the pavement.

"It is all the West wind," said a resident. "If it continues to blow, in a few hours whole streets will be under water." It is always so when the West wind blows. The wind drives the sea into the mouth of the Neva, as water is poured into the neck of a funnel. The sea-water dams up the river and St. Petersburg is flooded till the wind changes and the banked-up waters can make their escape into the sea. While it lasts, life in St. Petersburg, especially for the troglodytes who inhabit cellars and other subterranean retreats, is abominably uncomfortable.

The Unleashed Dogs of Havoc

IT SEEMED to me no inapt symbol of the political situation in Russia. The wind from the West, although this time it has blown around the world from the farther East, has driven Russia back upon herself. The victories of the Japanese were won by the art, the science, the weapons of the West. And the channel into the Pacific which the Russians had fashioned for themselves at enormous cost has now been effectively dammed up. The flood of Russian energy, Russian ambition, turned back upon Russia itself. And Russia, like St. Petersburg, is feeling profoundly uncomfortable.

The question of questions is whether this overflow will be as that of the Neva is in St. Petersburg, merely a disease-breeding nuisance, or whether it will be to the Russian land like the beneficent Nile floods which for thousands of years have annually renewed the fertility of the Egyptian soil. There are some who maintain that, when the wind changes, the waters will resume their accustomed channel. It is not the first time that the fatal West wind has checked the progress of Russian arms. And always, in former days, the wind changed and Russia resumed her march. As it has been, so it will be, say some who are already counting the years that must elapse before the Russian hosts, better disciplined and better led, will free the continent of Asia from the foot of the invading islanders from Japan. But there are others who maintain, with M. Witte, that the check in Manchuria has delivered Russia from the danger of pursuing a forbidden road that leads to ruinous adventures, and has definitely recalled her to her true destiny. Russia thrown back upon herself will at last, begin to develop the incalculably vast resources of her own soil, the unworked treasures of her mines, and, above all, to liberate the hitherto unused political energies of her sons.

It is the latter result which seems most likely to happen. But the liberation of the latent energies of the Russian people is beginning to play havoc with the Russian Empire. It has destroyed the navy, paralyzed the army, ruined the finances and destroyed the prestige of the Emperor. And these same energies are threatening with destruction the unity of the immense political system which until yesterday governed all Eastern Europe and Northern Asia. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that the population of the outlying districts of the empire, although an insignificant minority in the huge total of the Czar's subjects, are politically far more advanced. It is the energies of the Auslanders, of the Finns, of the Poles, of the Jews, of the Armenians which have been stimulated into activity long before the sluggish Russian has aroused himself from his slumbers. Hence the revolutionary movement in Russia, being propelled chiefly by the non-Russian elements of the population, is by its origin sympathetic to the idea of federation, and the influence of these non-Russian elements is dominant with the Russians who are "in the movement."

Of this I witnessed a very curious illustration at the Zemstvo Congress in Moscow last September. The Congress had a great deal of business on its agenda paper, and, as it had only one day in which to discuss the all-important question of the land and the peasants, it was proposed to adjourn the consideration of Polish autonomy to the next Congress. Nothing could have been more reasonable. The Russian Poles do not number ten per cent. of the population of the empire. The Congress could not do any good by precipitating a discussion of autonomy. By touching it, a formidable weapon might be, and as a matter of fact was, fashioned for the use of the reactionaries. But when it was proposed to adjourn the question of autonomy, an eloquent Polish delegate sprang to his feet and declared with warmth that, if the Congress did not at once take the Polish question into consideration, he would return to Poland and tell his countrymen that the Poles had no more to hope from free Russia than from the autocratic Russia of the past. The threat had an instantaneous and almost magical effect. The Congress spent all its remaining time in debating the question of autonomy. The really practical and important question of agrarian reform was thrust to one side, and, after a day and a night's debate, the Congress finally passed a resolution in favor of automony which gave the Moscow Gazette and the reactionary party their one chance. They instantly brought out a very effective map illustrating what the Zemstvoist Liberals would make of Russia. The map reduced with the names rendered into English will give the reader some idea of the impression which such a presentation or caricature of the Zemstvo scheme would produce upon the mind of the real Russian. If there had been any Conservative party in Russia worth its salt, there would have been little difficulty in obtaining a hostile vote for three-fourths of the local Zemstvos of Russia on the strength of that map. But that risk was run rather than incur the dread of being denounced by the Poles as unfaithful to the principles of advanced Liberalism.

Nothing is more dangerous on the eve of a general election than to coquette with ideas which are capable of being represented as fatal to the unity of the empire. In Great Britain the very moderate Home Rule bill of Mr. Gladstone kept the Liberals out of office for nearly twenty years. The Russian predominant partner is at least as predominant as the English, and he has far more reason for alarm at any proposal to split up the empire. When an English Unionist was asked to give Home Rule to Ireland he angrily replied that he would be no party to an attempt to restore the Heptarchy. A Russian statesman to-day if asked to federate the empire might not unjustly retort by asking whether his questioner wished to restore the weltering chaos of intermittent civil war when the feuds of the sons of Vladimir opened the door of Russia to the Mongols.

A Bloody Soil

FOR more than a hundred years Russia was the cockpit of rival princes and her soil was drenched with the blood of her own sons. What Count Witte said on the subject of autonomy was significant. A group of citizens in the Caucasus telegraphed to him urging the Government not to decide the question of autonomy for Finland, Poland, Caucasia and Trans-Caucasia before the Assembly of the Douma, the majority of the Russians being opposed to the granting of autonomy for these regions. Count Witte replied: "The Russian people can be reassured, as, although the question of autonomy has not been discussed by the Council, I, knowing its views, am convinced that the Council will never decide to submit to the Czar any measure tending to produce the separation of outlying countries. These entered the composition of the State after hard and historical labor on the part of the Russian people, and it would be an act of lunacy, incompatible with my responsibility to the Czar and the nation, were I to take any hasty decision which might result in the dismemberment of the territory won by Russian blood." What Count Witte said any ruler would say. Is it possible, it may well be asked, to construct from a territory so vast and a population so politically inexperienced, a stable federation which, even with the guarantee of the Imperial Crown, could secure internal peace, to say nothing of law and order?

The Slav anarchy of the thirteenth century could not be reproduced to-day without precipitating foreign intervention. It mattered little to the English barons who were

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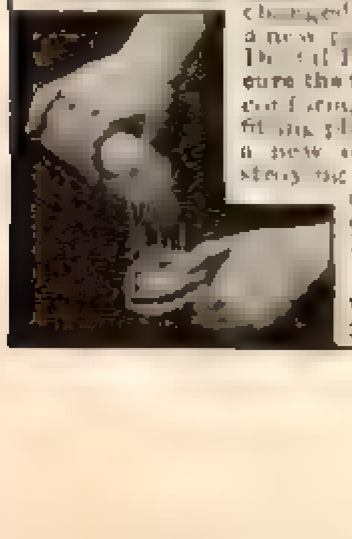

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extorting a parliament from the weak hands of Henry III that the family feuds of Russian princes were exposing Europe to the fell scourge of the Tartar conquest. Russia could set up hell within its own ring-fence without even singeing the Western nations. But the world has shrunk into a nutshell since even the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, and civil war in Russia would light up a conflagration which all the fire brigades of civilization might try in vain to extinguish. Even to-day the forces within the empire confidently calculate upon the possibility that, if only they can play sufficient havoc, they will be able to compel international intervention. This is notably the case in the Caucasus. Even when no such design is entertained by the forces of disorder, the same possibility immediately forces itself upon the attention of the world.

When the mutineers on the Russian ironclad, the Prince Potemkin, threatened to bombard the port of Odessa, questions were immediately asked in the British House of Commons whether Ministers were taking any steps to provide for the safety of the eight hundred British subjects who were known to be living in Odessa. The disorders in Poland have not yet reached the height of necessitating German intervention, but as Russia in 1849 intervened to restore order in Hungary, a similar service might be thankfully received. Last midsummer, when a renewal of violent rioting was feared in Warsaw, the governor shut himself up in the fortress, the vice-governor left the city and the officer in command had only five hundred troops fit for duty. An appeal was made to the Archbishop to maintain order, and his Holiness declined the honor. There have been serious disorders in the Baltic provinces, and everywhere the internal situation is rife with so much disorder that he would be a bold, not to say a foolhardy, man who would venture at such a season to throw the Russian Empire into the melting-pot and to impose upon the central Government—whose energies and resources are overtaxed in the attempt to maintain even a semblance of order—the responsibility of transforming the autocratic empire into a federation of self-governing states.

A Virtue of Necessity

But what no statesman would do of his own free will, some statesmen have to do under compulsion of circumstances. If anarchy prevails over Russia, federation may be a stepping-stone to the restoration of order. The tendency of the age seems to be in favor of some such solution. It is not improbable that, as the nineteenth century was the century of consolidation, the twentieth will be a century of disintegration. Norway has set the example by negotiating an amicable divorce from Sweden. Hungary, inspirited by the Norwegian example, is prosecuting her action for judicial separation from Austria with renewed energy. This year the general election will probably place the Home Rulers in an overwhelming majority in the new House of Commons. Already in Russia there has been a welcome relaxation of the tyrannous uniformity by which it was attempted to Russify all the nationalities within the empire. During the agitation which has been so marked a feature of Russian politics for the last nine months, there has been little said about federation. Agitators bold enough to demand the immediate election of a constituent assembly by a suffrage universal, direct, equal and secret, to which every adult male and female should be admitted, shrank from asking for federation. After the destruction of the Baltic fleet in the Sea of Japan, some Zemstvos, or county councils, are reported to have threatened that, if the Government did not move with rapidity, they would proclaim the establishment of constitutional government in their respective provinces. Nothing followed this. But the threat if made is significant.

If Russia were converted into a Federation it is probable she would retain the Czardom and arm the crowned Life President of the Russian Federation with powers as absolute for defending the constitution as the Czar now possesses for defending the fundamental laws of the empire which pertain chiefly to the rights, properties and inheritance of the imperial family. In cutting up the Russian Empire into federated states the first salient fact that presents itself is that, if nationality is to be taken as a basis, the frontiers of most of the states will be absolutely incapable of defense. This, of course, may be a security against the attempt of any member of the Federation to secede. But the political ingenuity that enriched the English language by the word gerrymander never produced a more fantastic patchwork of political units than would disfigure the map of Russia. The second feature is that the new states would not only be of all shapes, but also of all sizes. This does not matter much to those who are accustomed to a Senate in which Connecticut has as many delegates as New York, and where Rhode Island and New Hampshire have proportionately twice the voting power of a populous State like Pennsylvania or a vast territorial expanse like Texas. But the immense disparity between great Russia, which includes all Northern and Central Russia, and the tiny state of Courland on the extreme western frontier, is so great that it would almost certainly necessitate the division of the great Russians into several distinct states. This and other characteristics of the proposed Federation will be perceived by a glance at the accompanying map. No pretense is made as to the exact accuracy of this attempt to indicate the general distribution of the territory of the Russian Empire among the new states of the Federation. However roughly drawn it gives a fair idea in outline as to how the states would be formed.

The Pan-Slavonic Plan

In times past the Slavophils under Ivan Aksakoff, of Moscow, coquetted with the idea of disintegrating Russia in order to consolidate all the Slavonic races under one head. This was necessary, for the Slavonic races of Austria and the Balkans would never voluntarily consent to become the unenfranchised subjects of an imperial autocrat. Prince Scherbatoff in more recent years published a brochure entitled Autocracy and Autonomy, in which he set forth his conclusions in favor of some kind of federation. But the idea has made little headway among the great Russians. It is an aspiration which is secretly cherished among the many nationalities which are submerged in the vast, amorphous bulk of the Russian Colossus.

Federation has at once its most powerful factor and its most dangerous foe in what has been called the Slav anarchy. The happy-go-lucky, easy-going, unbusinesslike ways of the Slavonic races which constantly excite the derision of the more methodical German do not conduce to honesty, economy or efficiency of government. "The Russian Empire," said to me a leading member of the Polish revolutionary party, "was not built up by Russians, neither can it be held together by Russians. That it ever existed was due to the Norse Varangians whom they called in to undertake a task for which they knew themselves to be unequal. That was in 864. A Russian journal remarked bitterly the other day that after 1100 years the Russians had not yet mastered the lesson. The Russian"—I am still quoting my Polish friend—"is ever a destructive force. So long as his Czars can lead him to break up Tartar hordes or Ottoman empires he can destroy. He cannot construct. When Peter the Great desired to consolidate his empire, he was too wise a man to intrust his task to his Russians. He imported Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Germans, anybody and everybody who could be relied upon to discipline his easy-going anarchic Russians. The moment the Slavophils were seized with the fatal notion of rooting out the foreign element from the administration, the empire was doomed. You see all around you the Slav anarchy veiled by a mere semblance of despotism. When you have a strong Czar he keeps this tendency in check. But with a weak Czar the anarchy invades the administration. Generals quarrel with generals; ministers are at open war with their colleagues; the poor autocrat is the centre of an endless series of warring groups or intriguing officials. The whole empire is crumbling to pieces before our eyes."

This is an exaggeration, no doubt, but there is enough of truth in it to make Russians look askance at the suggestion of federation. Russia as it is to-day represents the struggle of the nation after unity. The struggle was prompted by the instinct of self-preservation after a dire experience of the result of divided authority. The autocratic power of the Czar is the concrete expression of the conviction of the Russians that despotism was preferable to

Heat the old home

If your house is old and cold but home to you, there's no need to leave the loved abode. You can easily make home *home*—make it more cozy than many modern houses—by putting in the comfort-yielding

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which automatically opens your drafts by a simple series of cords and pulleys operated by a patented alarm-clock device. Can be set for any time in the morning. Is guaranteed to work on any kind of heater [illegible] turning up the coal [illegible] $3.00 [illegible] send back at our expense [illegible] refund money. [illegible] Send for illustrated booklet [illegible] day. Agents wanted.

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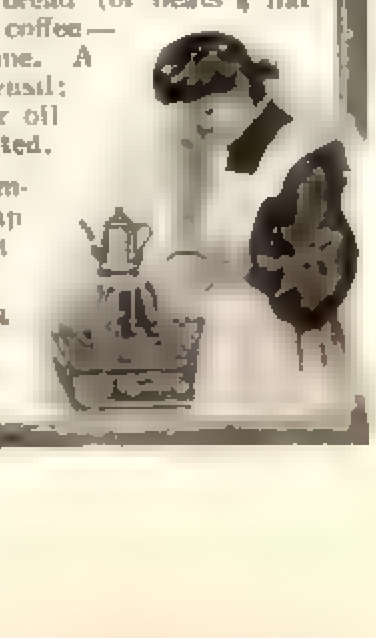

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Cooks 4 slices of bread (or heats 4 flat irons), boils eggs or coffee—all at the same time. A Perfect Kitchen Utensil; for gas, gasoline or oil ranges. Agents wanted.

Send 50 cents for sample; or 2-cent stamp for Free Booklet and Recipes.

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Made to Order $4 to $25 New York Styles

Fashion Book and Samples FREE.

The new Spring styles are entirely different from last season's models. There have been decided changes in jackets, skirts and sleeves. Our Fashion Book illustrates what will be most stylish in New York this Spring including the new "Pony" and Sailor suits—over 185 styles from which to select. We make up any design shown in our Fashion Book to suit the taste and requirements of the lady who orders it.

Our samples show the newest fabrics—your choice of over 450 materials which we carry in stock—every one guaranteed to give good service.

We positively guarantee to fit you perfectly and give you entire satisfaction, or promptly refund your money.

Our Spring Fashion Book Illustrates:

Shirt-Waist Suits	**$6.00 to $20**
Tailor-Made Suits	**$7.50 to $25**
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Also a full line of the new "Pony" Walking Suits, Sailor Suits and demi-tailored Gowns.

We make all these garments to order only.

We prepay express charges on these garments to any part of the U. S., which means a big saving to you.

We Send Free to any part of the United States our Spring Book of New York Fashions, showing the latest styles [illegible] a large assortment of Samples of the newest materials. Please mention [illegible] suit, skirt, jacket or rain coat.

Write to-day; you will receive them by return mail.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

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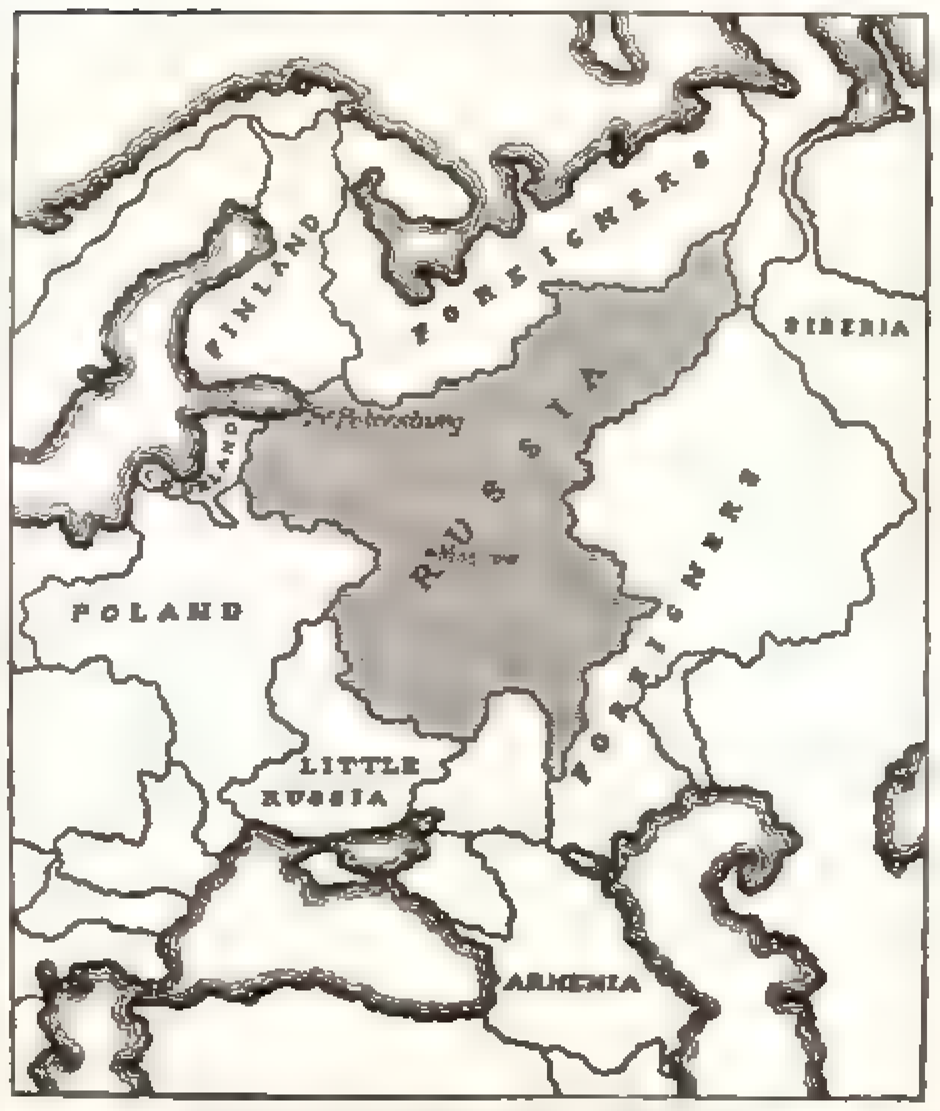


Russia—If the Liberals Have Their Way

anarchy, and that it was better to obey one strong tyrant than to be torn to pieces by a myriad little despots.

The Burden of the Tax

The following table of taxation per head, together with the cost of administration in each of the great divisions of the Russian Empire, is extracted from a private report of the discussions in the Council of the Empire upon the constitution of the Douma. I have converted the roubles into dollars.

1903

	Taxation per Head	Cost of Administration per Head	Net Results to the State—Profit	Net Results to the State—Loss
Russia proper or middle Russia.	$3.66	$3.11	$0.55	
Baltic provinces.	6.58	7.83		[illegible]
Poland	2.66	5.16		[illegible]
Siberia	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]
Lithuania	[illegible]	4.12		[illegible]
Caucasus	2.47	[illegible]		[illegible]
Central Asia	1.08	1.70		0.62

The return did not say whether the cost of the army maintained in each district was included in the cost of administration. The figures are significant whether it is or whether it is not. They show that the outlands of the empire are all run at a loss.

Not even the richest of them—the Baltic provinces, which yield over seventy per cent. more per head in taxation than Russia proper—cover their expenses. The deficit in all the annexes and dependencies of Russia is monotonously uniform. Siberia, which in many respects is the richest of them all, shows the largest deficit. It is difficult to estimate the changes that would be necessitated if the empire was converted into a federation, based on the principle of equality of obligation.

The division of Russia proper into two or more states, say the Forest and the Agricultural, would be a mere administrative detail. The real difficulty in the way of federation lies in the non-Russia populations which abound in some and predominate in others of the proposed states.

Finland presents no difficulty, although in that thriving and highly-educated Grand Duchy there are not more than 6000 Russians against 250,000 Swedes and 2,700,000 Finns. Finland is self-contained and self-governed, and if all the rest of Russia were like Finland there would be no trouble. In the Baltic provinces the Russians are in a small minority. Half the land is owned by German barons, the other half by the Lettish and Esthonian peasants who were emancipated fifty years before their Russian brethren. The Jews also abound in the seaports, and there is no district in which the Social Democratic agitation has been more vigorously carried on. It is now proposed to create a governor-generalship for the Baltic provinces similar to those in Poland, in Finland and in the Caucasus. In Poland, the population is just over eleven millions. Only three-quarters of a million are Russian Orthodox. The Jews number 1,500,000. There are half a million Protestants and 8,300,000 Roman Catholics. Poland is the most prosperous manufacturing district in the Russian Empire. If it were established as an autonomous state it would be used as a loadstone to attract the Poles of Galicia and of Posen. The Poles, who number twenty millions, have never ceased to dream of the reëstablishment of their independence, and the recognition of their right to autonomy in Russia would be regarded by every Pole as the first step to the realization of his national ideal.

The Caucasus, the most beautiful and for its area the richest of all the possessions of Russia, is hopelessly split up into different races and religions. There are said to be between forty and fifty distinct races to be found in the mountainous region that divides the Caspian from the Black Sea. There are 8,500,000 persons in the Caucasus, of whom not more than two millions are Russians, many of these latter being much more hostile to the Russian Empire than any other nationality. The Georgians, who inhabit the west and central Caucasus, are at present in a state of successful revolt. In the south the Armenians, who form fifteen per cent. of the population, are in a state of civil war with the Tartars. Add to these the miscellaneous highland tribes of Daghestan and the Caucasus range and it must be admitted that the materials for forming a stable, self-governed autonomous state seem far to seek.

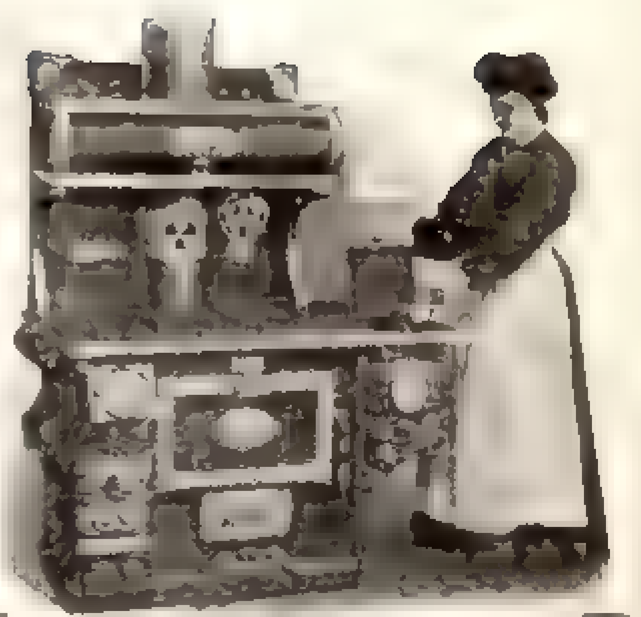
The more the problem is studied the more hopeless does the Americanization of the Russian Empire appear. An uneducated population practically without any political training in handling administrative problems wider than those of their own village affords very unpromising material for the statesman-architect, whose task it will be to rear a federal fabric on the ruins of the Russian Empire.

In the Album

IN THE "Saints and Sinners' Corner," destroyed by fire several years after Eugene Field's death, was a "Field Album," which, had it survived the flames, would have told an interesting story about Field and his friends. It was a blank book, bound in sealskin, which was open for autograph expressions, tributes or "appreciations" on the subject of Eugene Field and his writings; and nearly all his friends who frequented the "Corner" availed themselves of the opportunity to write something in it. Some of them autographed quotations from a favorite book or poem of Field's; others served admonitions upon him; and still others embraced the long-sought chance to "get even." The volume was in the custody of Mr. George M. Millard, the presiding genius of the "Corner"—which was the old and rare-book department of the book-shop which was Field's stamping-grounds. Each new entry in the book was read with interest by the previous "signers," so to speak, as well as by Field himself. It was a unique collection of autographs and contained many very well-known names. One stanza will serve as a sample of what went on in the album line in the "Corner":

"I thank you, Field, for Dibdin's Ghost,
And for Perfesser Vere de Blaw;
For Casey, too, the mountain host
Who ran the Red Hoss Resteraw,
For what three little children saw
Who rode upon a silvery tide,
For Hoover and his crippled paw,
And many a hearty laugh beside."

There were two more stanzas and an envoi in which the names of the best known of Field's characters or the titles of his books and poems were introduced. When Field read it he announced in solemn tones that he had a "piece of melancholy intelligence to impart, to wit: that another rhymster has broken into the Corner in disguise."



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Call at your furniture or stove dealer's store, ask him to let you see and inspect the L-W STEEL LEADER RANGE. Then let him take it to your home and set it up.

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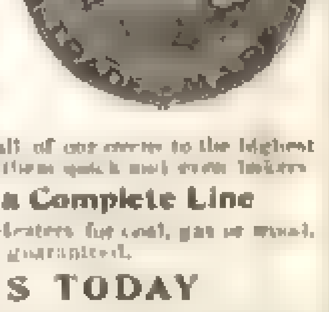

[illegible] mirror finish blue polished steel lined with thick asbestos board and closely hand riveted. All castings are of the finest quality of gray iron and all the sheet iron parts will remain as bright and clean for years as they were on the day it was purchased and placed in use [illegible] all of our stoves to the highest degree of perfection and make them quick and even bakers.

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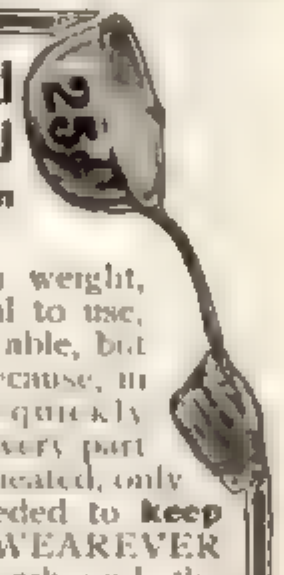

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are not only light in weight, dainty, clean, delightful to use, non poisoning and durable, but they also **save fuel** because, in Aluminum, the heat quickly spreads—spreads to every part of the dish and, when heated, only a moderate fire is needed to **keep** them hot. Thus used, WEAREVER UTENSILS never scorch and the saving on gas and coal bills is very perceptible—you can put the difference into better foods.

¶ THAT YOU MAY PROVE our claims, we offer a 1-pint WEAREVER Aluminum Saucepan for **25** cents, sent prepaid on receipt of price, also Catalogue, illustrating our full line and describing the advantages of Aluminum over every other material for utensils.

¶ Genuine Wearever Utensils bear this mark.

Wearever Trade Mark

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Crooked Legs

made to appear straight by the PERFECT LEG FORM [illegible]

Wear them 10 days. Your money back if not satisfied. [illegible] Correspondence confidential.

THE SYM FORM CO.
222 Monroe Street, Chicago

Odditiesand Novelties

OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

MILKS MADE TO ORDER—Pig's, Sheep's or Dog's, You May Make Them All from Cow's Milk.

DEALERS in what is known as "modified" milk use in their business only one kind of raw material—that is to say, cow's milk. But, on order, they will deliver goat's milk, sheep's milk, asses' milk, pig's milk or dog's milk. All of these are prepared from the same original fluid, in accordance with prescribed formulæ.

Not infrequently it happens that valuable young animals, which, by reason of their breed, may be worth hundreds of dollars apiece, lose their mothers in infancy. Under such circumstances they have to be fed artificially, of course, and the makers of modified milk are called upon to supply the appropriate lacteal diet. Counterfeit mare's milk, furnished in this way, has saved the life of many a thoroughbred colt.

Milks differ very much in composition. That of the sheep is extraordinarily rich in butter-fat, while that of the ass is in this item strikingly deficient. Dog's milk contains three times as much "proteids" (the stuff that goes to make muscle and blood) as cow's milk, and eight times as much as pig's milk. Asses' milk is extra rich in sugar. Accordingly, in imitating one kind of milk or another, the manufacturer, starting with the product of the cow, is obliged to change the proportions of the ingredients radically.

For example, to make sheep's milk, he adds fat by putting in an extra quantity of cream. What could be more simple? To reduce the sugar content (sheep's milk has less sugar than cow's milk), he adds water. And, to increase the proportion of "proteids" (in which sheep's milk is rich), he contributes white of egg. For asses' milk he would add milk-sugar to the cow's milk.

In this manner, indeed, every kind of milk may be successfully imitated—except, perhaps, the milk of human kindness, the formula for which has not yet been definitely ascertained.

FARMING THE GOLDFISH—A New Industry Which Aims to Produce Freaks.

THE first goldfish farm to be established on an important scale in this country has recently been started in the neighborhood of Washington, District of Columbia. It comprises twenty-seven acres of water space, divided into forty-four large shallow ponds. Ditches are dug in the bottom of the ponds, so that, when the latter are drained, the fishes find their way into the trenches and are easily scooped out by means of nets.

The scale on which the industry is conducted may be judged from the fact that 3600 pounds of cornmeal are fed every month to the fishes. Think what a large number of goldfish must be required to consume in thirty days nearly two tons of cornmeal! This seems, indeed, to be the kind of food they like best, and they thrive on it amazingly.

Half a century ago goldfish in this country were worth fifty cents apiece, and sometimes more. At the present time the ordinary ones are sold by the producer to dealers at from two to six dollars per hundred, according to size. These quotations, however, apply only to the common, every-day article, much higher prices being obtained for the freaks with fan-shaped tails, fancy fins, and other eccentricities.

At the farm above mentioned, attempts—the first up to date in this country—are now being made to propagate such fancy goldfish, the requisite stock being obtained from Japan. But the experiment is beset with not a few difficulties, inasmuch as the progeny of the freaks have always a tendency to revert to the normal and less valuable form, so that only fifteen per cent. of a brood, perhaps, will turn out satisfactorily, inheriting the eccentricities of the selected parents. Furthermore, the fancy fish, being impeded in their movements by their clumsy fins and tails, are more liable to destruction by birds and water snakes. There is no enemy so dreaded by the goldfish breeder as the water snake, which devours the scaly live stock in great numbers.

Not only the fins, but also the bodies of the fancy goldfish are modified by the breeder, so that the freaks are made to assume all sorts of queer shapes. The newest variety has eyes that stick far out of its head and look straight up at the sky.

RAINING CATS AND DOGS—How the Showers Play Tricks with Credulous Human Kind.

THERE has always been much mystery about the showers of fishes, frogs and other animals which occur from time to time in various parts of the world. Quite naturally, the ancients were greatly terrified by such phenomena, regarding them as direful portents. But modern meteorologists are able to explain them, in most instances, with reasonable satisfactoriness, accounting for them, in a majority of cases, by the supposition that the aquatic creatures in question have been sucked up, together with the water containing them, from ponds or streams, or from the sea, by passing tornadoes (the revolving storms commonly called "cyclones"), being thus transported over great distances.

Such a theory, obviously, would not account for showers of toads, of land-snails and of earthworms, such as are observed occasionally. In these cases, however, the fact seems unquestionably to be that the animals have not fallen from the sky, but have come up out of the ground during the storm. Not very long ago there was a rain of snails in Ohio. After a downpour, millions of them, no bigger than a pinhead, were sprinkled about (having been brought out by the wet), and folks naturally supposed that they had dropped from the heavens.

Similarly, after a shower in Louisville some years ago, large numbers of tiny sunperch were found swimming in the gutters. Nobody ever knew where they came from, but probably a tornado had sucked them up with a pond, perhaps a hundred miles away. There have been rains of crabs and of shrimps on occasions, too, but, so far as known, only Montreal has had a rain of ink. As scientists were able to explain, the ink was soot from forest fires. In past times there have been several well-authenticated showers of blood, at least one of which was ascertained to be due to red volcanic dust. But most interesting of all, perhaps, was a rain of sulphur, which was believed to have been sent by the devil himself, until the stuff was proved to be in reality the pollen of pines, blown for a long distance by wind.

THE ACTIVE ANT—He Gathers Fertilizers for the Farmers and Digs Precious Stones for the Indians.

RECENT investigations have shown that ant-heaps may sometimes be worth money. In some regions (as in Texas, for example) the nests of ants are marked by mounds of great size, and if a use for them could be found, owners of the land they occupy would have reason to rejoice.

It is, indeed, possible that they may be utilized, inasmuch as it has been ascertained that they are much richer in certain valuable fertilizing substances than ordinary soil. On which account, when one of them is broken up and plowed under, the land in that spot shows an extraordinary fertility.

In South Africa they are now employing ant-heaps in a very practical way for gardening purposes, making the material into seed beds. In such beds cabbage and lettuce have been found to do better than in soil dressed with the best manure.

Chemical analyses have shown that the ant-heaps contain over four times as much nitrogen (the most prized of all fertilizing materials) as ordinary soil, and of potash and phosphoric acid there is likewise a decided overplus. In organic matter the ant-heaps are exceedingly rich—owing probably to the glutinous substance used by the insects in cementing the particles of earth and gravel together, and to the green shoots of grasses which they collect for food.

On the Navajo reservation, in New Mexico, the Indians obtain from ant-hills many garnets of precious quality, which the insects bring to the surface, like any other pebbles, in order to get rid of them.

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Wachusett Shirts
Don't wear out prematurely
Points subject to extra strain are all stayed.
The button holes are carefully worked
The **full dress** styles have very heavy bosom to avoid "bulging."
Wachusett soft shirts washed and tested before sold
Note. Your dealer will show you full line—if you insist. Send for book of latest style
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Nothing to Adjust, Nothing to Learn, Simply Shave

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SAVES TIME,
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Buy that safety razor that is not only a safety but a razor

The Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Science has reached the acme of skill in the fusion, tempering, hardening and sharpening of these blades. The process is one of the wonders of the 20th century. The steel is of a quality as fine as a Damascus sword

The most simple and durable shaving device in the world. **NO HINGES, NO CLASPS, NO SPRINGS**, and nothing to learn or adjust. Simply lather and shave in four minutes' time. Our new combination set with razor, soap and brush holders in same box is now ready.

Triple Silver-Plated Set with 12 blades $5.00
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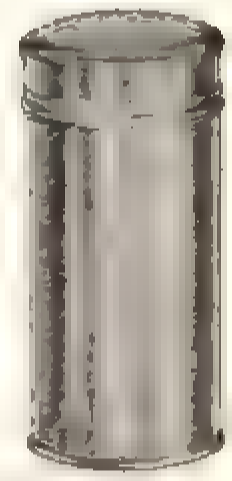
Trial stick in nickeled box — enough for a month's shaving — mailed for 4c. in stamps.



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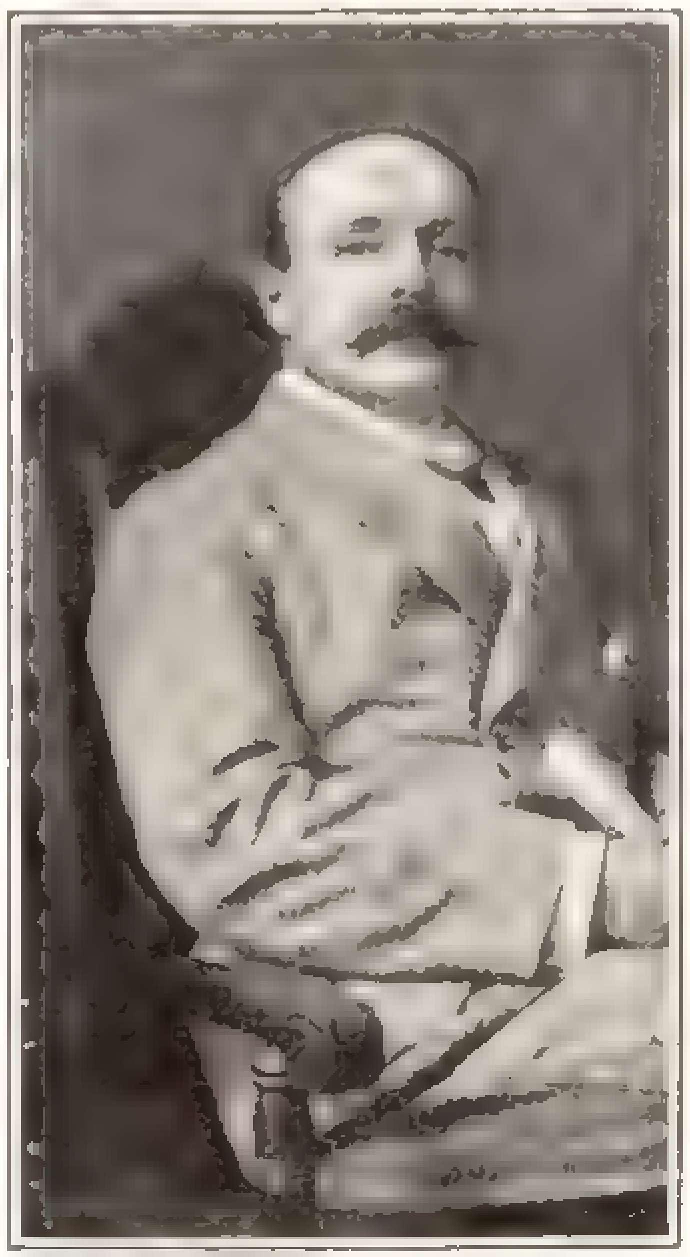

Walter N. Lawrence

A Manager for Native Plays

WITHIN the past year Mr. Walter N. Lawrence has taken a leading position among the managers who are devoting themselves successfully to the American drama. Since the death of Kirke La Shelle the most prominent in this field has been Henry W. Savage, and this year Mr. Savage has in a measure withdrawn, owing to a succession of failures.

Two years ago it was generally conceded that the Madison Square Theatre had been left behind by the gradual northward movement of the Rialto; but Mr. Lawrence leased it, and though he has had no sensational triumphs, he has been almost uniformly successful. His first venture was Mrs. Temple's Telegram, which came from England, and was rather conventional; but it was so artistically acted that it had no little success. Since then Mr. Lawrence has devoted himself to native playwrights. The Firm of Cunningham fell rather flat, but The Prince Chap, a light, sentimental comedy, by Edward Pepel, with which Mr. Lawrence opened the present season, was immediately successful, and has had to be transferred to another theatre to continue its run, which has already passed the fourth month. Its successor, a dramatization of Harold MacGrath's farcical novel, The Man on the Box, with Henry Dixey in the title part, has been also very successful. Now Mr. Lawrence is planning to branch out into the field of strong and legitimate drama. He is his own reader of plays, and his stage management is notable for artistic finish and reserve.

Mr. Lawrence got his theatrical experience as stage manager of Daniel Frohman's old Lyceum Theatre. But he is perhaps chiefly known as manager of a big hotel. His family was averse to his vocation, however, and lately a fortune was left him with the condition that he should give it up for good. He did so, and the artistic drama is the gainer.

Gillette as a Stock Actor

WHEN it was announced some years ago that the famous stock company of the Empire Theatre would be discontinued, Charles Frohman cabled from London to deny the report. Nevertheless, the company ceased to be, and Charles Richman and Margaret Anglin went forth from Mr. Frohman's employ. Now comes the report, apparently from headquarters, that Mr. Gillette is to be permanently located in New York as a stock star, and the program announced for him reads very much as if it were to be his mission to revive the old Empire company.

Mr. Gillette, it is said, is not always to have the chief part, and may even appear in one-act curtain-raisers. Some of the plays he is to write himself. But he is very slow at composing, one new piece in two or three years being his recent average, so that in the nature of the case he will have to give many plays by others. In addition to acting, he will have charge of the stage management, and will have a voice in the selection of plays. As he is a man of the highest intelligence, this should prove of the greatest advantage to the art of the drama. Weight is lent to the report by the fact that on leaving London last fall he announced that he would not again act there. Even in America his tours will be limited to four or five weeks. It has long been known to his friends that he is weary of the barrenness and hardships of the life of a traveling star, and is eager for a more peaceful and human existence.

Mansfield the Beardless

ONE of Richard Mansfield's peculiarities is a distaste for any rôle the make-up of which includes a beard, or even long hair. This was a great obstacle to his undertaking Ivan the Terrible, for the statues and pictures depicting that monarch at the time of his death have all the long hair and whiskers of the typical Russ. But somewhere or other he dug up an old historian who relates that in Ivan's old age there remained but little hair on his head, and that his beard had fallen out altogether. From that moment the part became possible. No one who has seen the scrubby, moth-eaten remnants on his Ivan's cheeks will ever forget them, or be inclined to question whether any other make-up would have been more effective. Yet Mr. Mansfield was so keenly interested in the matter that he wrote a note for his program stating his authority for the whiskerless Ivan.

But the worst is yet to come. Among all living actors on the English-speaking stage there is no one so well qualified as he by vigor of physique, range and variety of voice, and vividness of imagination, to play King Lear; but alas, the only authority on the whisker question is Shakespeare himself, and he says that the old King had a white beard. Mr. Mansfield is ambitious to play the part; but those who know him best are most inclined to consider that beard an insuperable obstacle.

Shirking the Laugh

AN OBSERVING playgoer has complained that Miss Virginia Harned has cheated him out of a laugh. In her new play, La Belle Marseillaise, there is a scene in which her lover is arrested and sent to prison under particularly distressing circumstances. When the parting scene is over, the officer, a gruff but kindly old war-horse, turns suddenly and says to the lover, "You haven't kissed her good-by!" Miss Harned has cut the line because it caused laughter and, as she thinks, broke down the emotional effect of the scene.

Miss Harned is not the only actor who has shirked a laugh in an emotional scene. When "the ghost of buried Denmark" speaks from beneath the stage, Hamlet answers: "Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?" But many actors, and among them Forbes Robertson, cut the line because it causes laughter. Yet there can be no doubt that Shakespeare intended the laugh, for his plays abound in similar instances. When Lear, driven out on the heath by his ungrateful daughters, encounters Edgar in his wretched disguise, he exclaims in his madness: "Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?" And he returns to the idea twice in what follows. As the great Viennese actor Sonnenthal delivers the speeches they cause laughter. But Robert Mantell handles the scene so as to blanket the laugh. Later in the play there is a passage in which the mad king mistakes two three-legged stools for his daughters, and arraigns them before the wretched Edgar and the Fool, whom he takes for "robed men of justice." Mantell modifies this scene, and even Sonnenthal avoids the laugh, which Shakespeare no doubt intended and Burbage evoked.

Would the observant playgoer complain that he had been cheated? The question is not an easy one. Jefferson used to mingle smiles and tears profusely in Rip Van Winkle.

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LADY BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 11)

same thing. The point of mark in this particular ceremony of union lay in Charley's speech; Charley found a happy thought at the breakfast. The bridal party (so the papers had it) sat on a dais, and was composed exclusively of Oil, Sugar, Beef, Steel and Union Pacific; merely at this one table five hundred million dollars were sitting (so the papers computed), and it helped the bridegroom to his idea, when, by the importunate vociferations of the company, he was forced to get on his unwilling legs.

"Poets and people of that sort say" (Charley concluded, after thanking them) "that happiness cannot be bought with money. Well, I guess a poet never does learn how to make a dollar do a dollar's work. But I'm no poet; and I've learned it's as well to have a few dollars around. And I guess that my friends and I, right here at this table, could organize a corner in happiness any day we chose. And if we do, we'll let you all in on it."

I am told that the bride looked superb, both in church and at the reception, which took place in the house of Kitty; and that General Rieppe, in spite of his shattered health, maintained a noble appearance through the whole ordeal of parting with his daughter. I noticed that Beverly Rodgers and Gazza figured prominently among the invited guests. Bohm did not have to be invited, for some time before the wedding he had become the husband of the successfully divorced Kitty. So much for the nuptials of Hortense and Charley; they were, as one paper pronounced them, "up to date and distingue." The paper omitted the accent in the French word, which makes it, I think, fit this wedding even more happily.

The marriage of Eliza La Heu and John Mayrant was of a different quality; no paper pronounced it "up to date," or bestowed any other adjectival comments upon it; for, being solemnized in Kings Port, where such purely personal happenings are still held (by the St. Michael family, at any rate) to be no business of any one's save those immediately concerned, the event escaped the tarnishment of publicity. Yes, this marriage was *solemnized*, a word that I used above without forethought, and now repeat with intention; for certainly no respecter of language would write it of the yellow rich and their blatant unions. If you're a Bohm or a Charley, you may trivialize or vulgarize or bestialize your wedding, but solemnize it you don't, for that is not "up to date."

And to the marriage of Eliza and John I went; for not only was the honor of my presence requested, but John wrote me, in both their names, a personal note, which came to me far away in the mountains, whither I had gone from Kings Port. This was the body of the note:

"To the formal invitation which you will receive, Miss La Heu joins her wish with mine that you will not be absent on that day. We should both really miss you. Miss La Heu begs me to add that, if this is not sufficient inducement, you shall have a slice of Lady Baltimore."

Not a long note! But you will imagine how genuinely I was touched by their joint message. I was not an old acquaintance, and I had done little to help them in their troubles, but I came into the troubles; with their memory of those days I formed a part, and it was a part which it warmed me to know they did not dislike to recall. I had actually been present at their first meeting, that day when John visited the Exchange to order his wedding cake, and Eliza had rushed after him, because in his embarrassment he had forgotten to tell her the date for which he wanted it. The cake had begun it, the cake had continued it, the cake had brought them together; and in Eliza's retrospect now I doubted if she could find the moment when her love for John had awakened; but if with women there ever is such a moment, then, as I have before said, it was when the girl behind the counter looked across it at the handsome, blushing boy, and felt stirred to help him in his stumbling attempts to be businesslike about that cake. If his youth unwittingly kindled hers, how could he or she help that? But, had he ever once known it and shown it to her during his period of bondage to Hortense, then, indeed, the flame would have turned to ice in Eliza's breast. What saved him *for* her was his blind steadfastness *against* her. That was the very thing she prized most, once it became hers; whereas, any secret swerving toward her from Hortense during his heavy hours of probation would have degraded John to nothing in Eliza's eyes. And so, making all this out by myself in the mountains after reading John's note, I ordered from the North the handsomest old china cake-dish that Aunt Carola could find, to be sent to Miss Eliza La Heu with my card. I wanted to write on the card, "*Rira bien qui rira le dernier*"; but alas! so many pleasant thoughts may never be said aloud in this world of ours! That I ordered china instead of silver was due to my surmise that in Kings Port—or at any rate by Mrs. Weguelin and Miss Josephine St. Michael—silver from any one not of the family would be considered vulgar; it was only a surmise, and, of course, it was precisely the sort of thing that I could not verify by asking any of them.

But (you may be asking) how on earth did all this come about? What happened in Kings Port on the day following that important swim which Hortense and John took together in the waters of the harbor?

I wish that I could tell you all that happened, but I can only tell you of the outside of things; the inside was wholly invisible and inaudible to me, although we may be sure, I think, that, when the circles that widened from Hortense's plunge reached the shores of the town, there must have been in certain quarters a considerable splashing. I presume that John communicated to somebody the news of his broken engagement; for if he omitted to do so, with the wedding invitations to be out the next day, he was remiss beyond excuse, and I think this very unlikely; and I also presume (with some evidence to go on) that Hortense did not, in the somewhat critical juncture of her fortunes, allow the grass to grow under her feet—if such an expression may be used of a person who is shut up in the stateroom of a steam yacht. To me John Mayrant made no sign of any sort by word or in writing, and this is the highest proof he ever gave me of his own delicacy, and also of his reliance upon mine; for he must have been pretty sure that I had overheard those last destiny-deciding words spoken between himself and Hortense in the boat, as we reached the Hermana's gangway.

The first external splash of the few that I have to narrate was a negative manifestation, and occurred at breakfast: Juno supposed that the wedding invitations would be out later in the day. The next splash, a somewhat louder one, was at dinner, when Juno inquired of Mrs. Trevise if she had received any wedding invitation. At tea there was very decided splashing. No invitation had come to anybody. Juno had called at five of the St. Michael houses and got in at none of them, and there was a rumor that the Hermana had disappeared from the harbor. So far, none of the splashing had wet me, but I now came in for a light sprinkle.

"Were you not on board that boat yesterday?" Juno inquired; and to see her look at me you might have gathered that I was suspected of sinking the vessel.

"A most delightful occasion!" I exclaimed, filling my face with a bright blankness.

"Isn't he awful to speak that way about Sunday!" said the up-country bride.

This was a chance for the poetess, and she took it. "To me," she mused, "every day seems fraught with an equal holiness."

"But I should think," observed the Briton, "that you could knock off a hymn better on Sundays."

All this while Juno was looking at me, and I knew it, and therefore I ate my food in a kindly sort of unconscious way, until she fired another shot at me. "There is an absurd report that somebody fell overboard."

"Dear me!" I laughed. "So that is what it has grown to already! I did go out on the boat boom, and I did drop off—but into a boat."

At this confession of mine the up-country bride became extraordinarily arch on the subject of the well-known hospitality of steam yachts, and for this I was honestly grateful to her; but Juno brooded still. "I hope there is nothing wrong," she said solemnly.

Feeling that silence at this point would not be golden, I went into it with spirit. I told them of our charming party, of General Rieppe's rich store of quotations, of the

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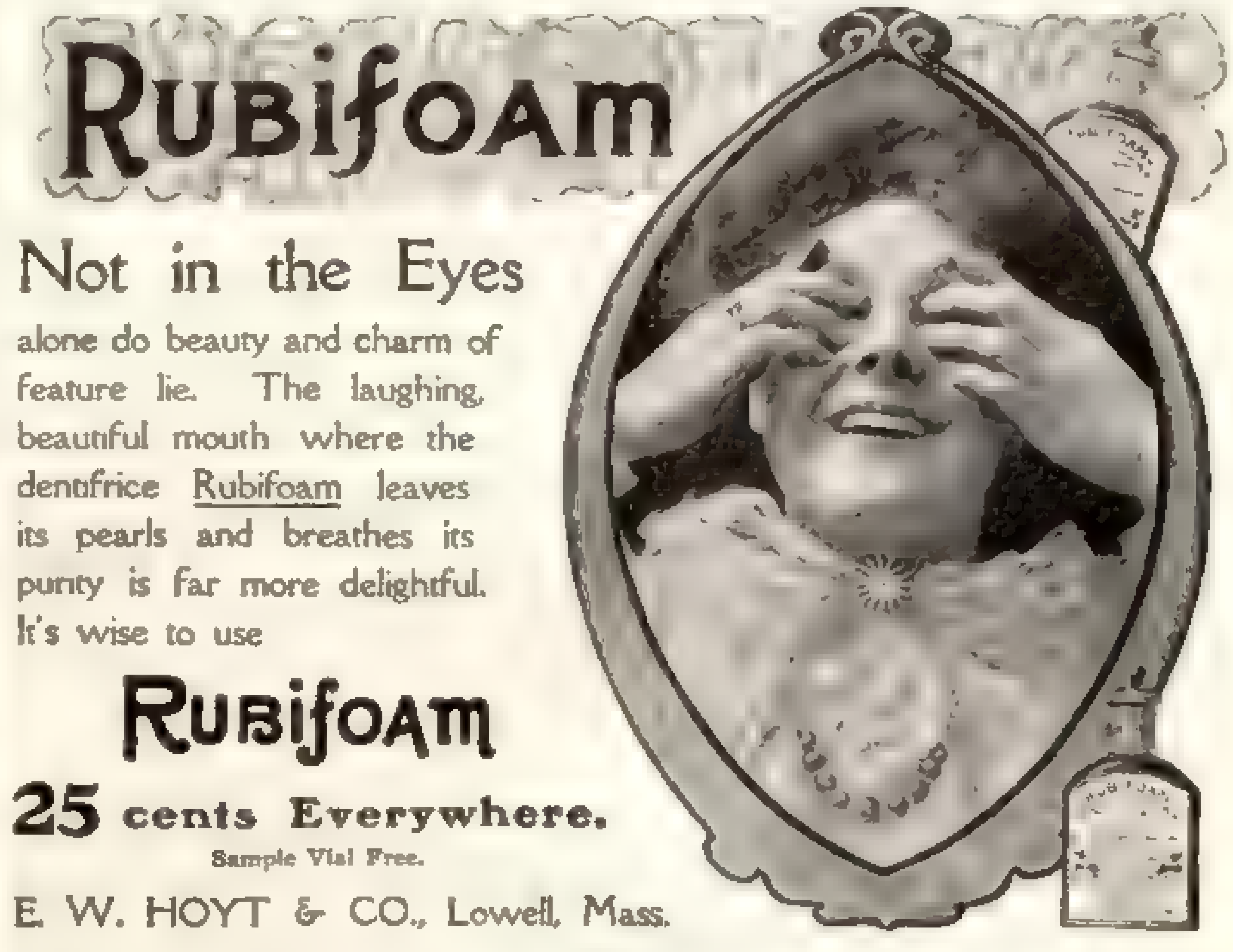

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strict discipline on board the well-appointed Hermana, of the great beauty of Hortense, and her evident happiness when her lover was by her side. This talk of mine turned off any curiosity or suspicion which the rest of the company may have begun to entertain; but upon Juno I think it made scant impression, save causing her to set me down as an imbecile. For there was Doctor Beaugarçon when we came into the sitting-room, who told us before any one could even say "How-do-you-do?" that Miss Hortense Rieppe had broken her engagement with John Mayrant, and that he had it from Mrs. Cornerly, whom he was visiting professionally. I caught the pitying look which Juno threw at me at this news, and I was happy to have acquitted myself so creditably in the manipulation of my secret.

There is almost nothing else to tell you of how the splashes broke on Kings Port. Before the day when I was obliged to call in Doctor Beaugarçon's professional services (quite a sharp attack put me to bed for half a week) I learned merely the following things: the Hermana had gone to New York, the automobiles and the Replacers had also disappeared, and people were divided on the not strikingly important question as to whether Hortense and the General had accompanied Charley on the yacht, or continued Northward in an automobile, or taken the train. Gone, in any case, the whole party indubitably was, leaving, I must say, a sense of emptiness the comedy was over, the players departed. I never heard any one, not even Juno, doubt that it was Hortense who had broken the engagement; this part of the affair was conducted by the principals with great skill. Hortense had evidently written her version to the Cornerlys, and not a word to any other effect ever came from John's mouth, of course. One result I had not looked for, though it was a natural one: if the old ladies had felt indignation at Hortense for her determination to marry John Mayrant, this indignation was doubled by her determination not to! I fear that few of us live by logic, even in Kings Port; and then, they had all called upon her in that garden for nothing! The sudden thought of this made me laugh alone in my bed of sickness: and when I came out of it, had such a thing been possible, I should have liked to congratulate Miss Josephine St. Michael on her absence from the garden occasion. I said, however, nothing to her, or to any of the other ladies, upon this or any subject, for I was so unlucky as to find them not at home when I paid my round of farewell visits. Nor (to my real distress) did I see John Mayrant again. The boy wrote me (I received it in bed) a short, warm note of regret, with nothing else in it save the fact that he was leaving town, having become free from the custom house at last. I fancy that he ran away for a judicious interval. Who would not?

Was there one person to whom he told the truth before he went? Did the girl behind the counter hear the manner in which that engagement was broken? Ah, none of us will ever know that! But, although I could not, without the highest impropriety, have spoken to any of the old ladies about this business, unless they had chosen to speak to me—and somehow I feel that after the abrupt close of it not even Mrs. Gregory St. Michael would have been likely to touch on the subject with an outsider—there was nothing whatever to forbid my indulging in a skirmish with Eliza La Heu; therefore I lunched at the Exchange on my last day.

"To the mountains?" she said, in reply to my information about my plans of travel.

"Doctor Beaugarçon says nothing else can so quickly restore me."

"Stay there for the rhododendrons, then," she bade me. "No sight more beautiful in all the South."

"Town seems deserted," I pursued. "Everybody gone."

"Oh, not everybody!"

"All the interesting people."

"Thank you."

"I meant, interesting to *you*."

I saw her decide not to be angry; and her decision changed and saved our conversation from the trashy, bantering tone which it was taking, and brought it to a pass most unexpected to both of us.

She gave me a charming and friendly smile. "Well, you, at any rate, are going away. And I am really sorry for that."

Her eyes rested upon me with perfect frankness. I was not in love with Eliza La Heu, but nearer to love than I had ever been then, and it would have been easy, very easy, to let one's self go straight onward into love. There are more ways of falling into that state than romancers would have us to believe, and one of them is by an assent of the will at a certain given moment, which the heart promptly follows just as a man in a moment decides he will espouse a cause, and soon finds himself hotly fighting for it body and soul I could have gone out of that Exchange completely in love with Eliza La Heu, but my will did not give its assent, and I saw John Mayrant not as a rival, but as one whose happiness I greatly desired

"Thank you," I said, "for telling me you are sorry I am going And now, may I treat you more than ever as a friend, and tell you of a circumstance which Kings Port does not know?"

It put her on her guard. "Don't be indiscreet," she cautioned me, smiling.

"Isn't timely indiscretion discretion?"

"Don't be clever," she said. "Tell me what you have to say—if you're quite sure you'll not be sorry"

"Quite sure. There's no reason now that the untruth is properly and satisfactorily established—that one person should not know that John Mayrant broke that engagement." And I told her the whole of it. "If I'm outrageous to share this secret with you," I concluded, "I can only say that I couldn't stand the unfairness any longer."

"He jumped straight in?" said Eliza.

"Oh, straight!"

"Of course," she murmured.

"And just after declaring that he wouldn't."

"Of course," she murmured again. "And the current took them right away."

"Instantly."

"Was he very tired when you got to him?"

I answered this question and a number of others, backward and forward, until she had led me to cover the whole incident about twice-and-a-half times. Then she had a silence, and after this a reflection.

"How well they managed it!"

"Managed what?"

"The accepted version"

"Oh, yes indeed!"

"And you and I will not spoil it for them," she declared

As I took my final leave of her she put a flower in my buttonhole. My reflection was then, and is now, that if she already knew the truth from John himself, how well *she* managed it!

So that same night I took the lugubrious train which bore me with the grossest deliberation to the mountains; and among the mountains and their waterfalls I stayed and saw the rhododendrons, and was preparing to journey home when the invitation came from John and Eliza.

In Royal Street, not many steps from South Place, there stands a quiet house a little back, upon whose face sorrow has struck many blows, but made no deep wounds yet; no scorch from the fires of war is visible, and the rending of the earthquake does not show too plainly; but there hangs about the house a gravity that comes from seeing and suffering much, and a sweetness from having sheltered many generations of smiles and tears.

Amid this environment John and Eliza were made one, and the faces of the older generations grew soft beneath it; pensive eyes became lustrous, and into pale cheeks the rosy tint came like an echo faintly back for a short hour. They made so little sound in their quiet happiness of congratulation that it might have been a dream; and they were so few that the house with the sense of its memories was not lost with the crowding, but seemed still to preside over the whole, and send down its benediction

When it was my turn to shake the hands of bride and groom, John asked:

"What did your friend do with your advice?"

And I replied, "He has taken it."

"Perhaps not that," John returned, "but you must have helped him to see his way"

When the bride came to cut the cake she called me to her and fulfilled her promise.

"You have always liked my baking," she said.

"Then you made it, after all," I answered.

"I would not have been married without doing so," she declared sweetly.

When the time came for them to go away they were surrounded with affectionate God-speeds; but Miss Josephine St. Michael waited to be the last, standing a little apart, her severe and chiseled face

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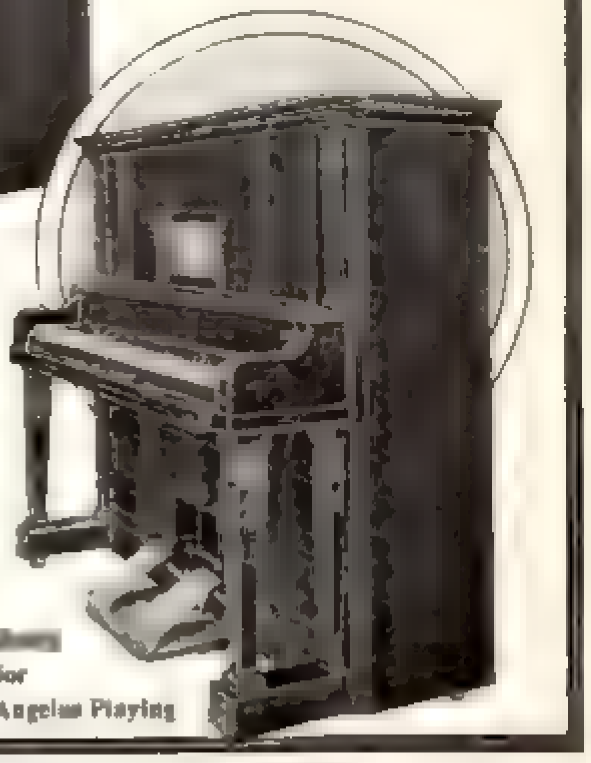

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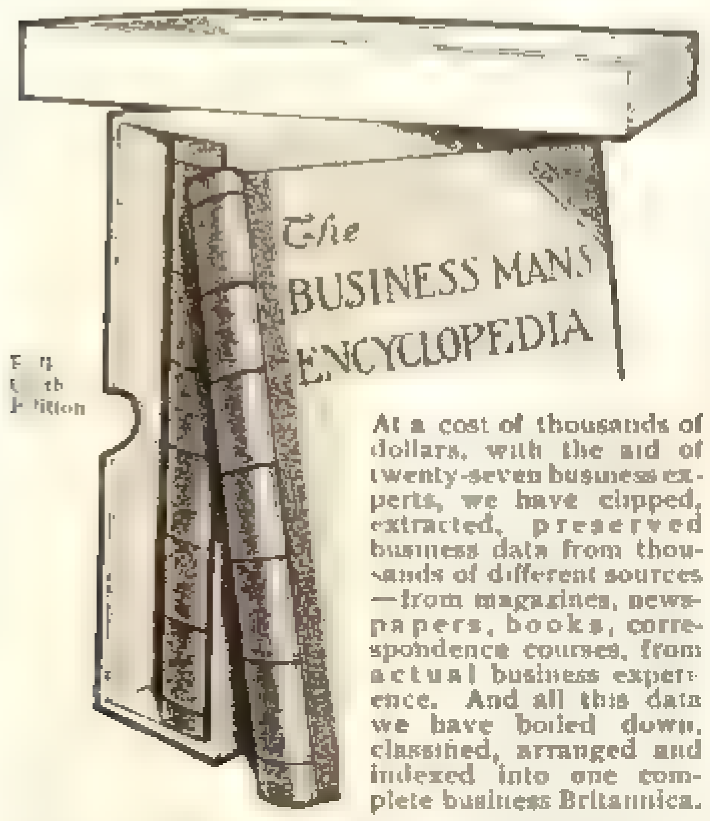

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turned aside, and seeming to watch a mocking-bird that was perched in his cage at a window half-way up the stairs.

"He is usually not so silent," Miss Josephine said to me. "I suppose we are too many visitors for him."

Then I saw that the old lady, beneath her severity, was deeply moved; and almost at once John and Eliza came down the stairs. Miss Josephine took each of them to her heart, but she did not trust herself to speak; and a single tear rolled down her face as the boy and girl continued to the hall-door. There Daddy Ben stood, and John's gay good-by to him was the last word that I heard the bridegroom say. While we all stood silently watching them as they drove away from the tall iron gate, the mocking-bird on the staircase broke into melodious ripples of song.

XXIII -POOR AUNT CAROLA

AND now here goes my language back into the small-clothes that it wore at the beginning of all, when I told you something of that colonial society, the Selected Salic Scions, dear to the heart of my Aunt. It were beyond my compass to approach this august body of men and women with the respect that is its due did I attire myself in that modern garment which in the phrase of the vulgar is denoted *pants*.

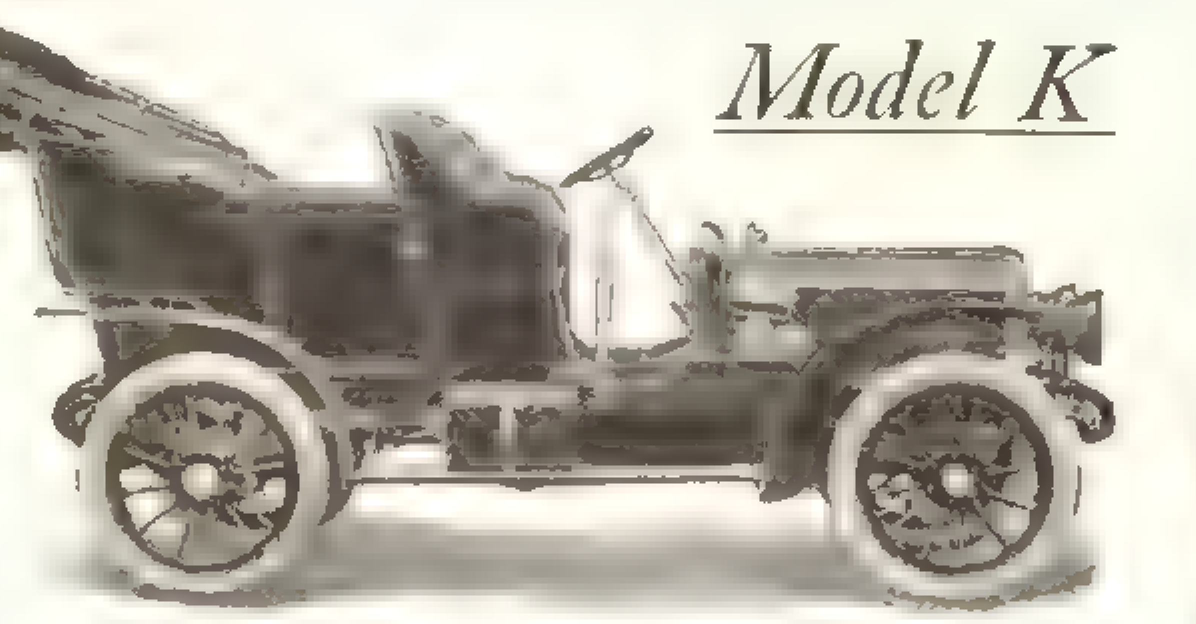
You will scarce have forgot, I must suppose, the importance set by my Aunt Carola upon the establishing of the Scions in new territories, wherever such persons as were both qualified by their descent and in themselves worthy should be found; and you will remember that I was bidden by her to look in South Carolina for members of the Bombo connection which she was inclined to suspect existed in that State. My neglect to make this inquiry for my kind Aunt now smote me sharply when all seemed too late. John Mayrant had spoken of Killdevil Bombo, the very personage through whom lay Aunt Carola's claim to kingly lineage, and I had let John Mayrant go away upon his honeymoon without ever questioning him upon this subject. As I looked back upon the ease with which I might have settled the matter, and forward to my return empty-handed to the generous relative to whom I owed this agreeable experience of travel, I felt guilty indeed. I wrote a letter to follow John Mayrant into whatever retreat of bliss he had betaken himself to, and I begged him earnestly to write me at his early convenience all that he might know of Bombos in South Carolina. Consequently I was able, on reaching home, to meet Aunt Carola with some sort of countenance and to assure her that I expected presently to be furnished with authentic and valuable facts.

I now learned that the Selected Salic Scions had greatly increased in numbers during my short absence. It appeared that the origin of the whole movement had sprung from a needy but ingenious youth in some manufacturing town of New England. This lad had a cousin who had amassed from nothing a noble fortune by inventing one day a speedy and convenient fashion of opening beer bottles, and this cousin's achievement had set him to looking about him. He soon discovered that in our great Republic everywhere there were living hundreds and thousands of men and women who were utterly unaware that they were descended from kings. Borrowing a little money to float him, he set up the American Almanach de Gotha, and began (for the minimum sum of fifty dollars a pedigree) to reveal to these eager people the chain of links that connected them with royalty. Thus, in a period of time the brevity of which is incredible, this young man passed from complete indigence to a wife and four automobiles, or an automobile and four wives—I don't remember which he had the four of.

I am minded to announce a rule of discreet conduct: Never read aloud any letter that you have not first read to yourself. Had I observed this rule—but listen:

It so happened that Aunt Carola was at luncheon with us when the postman brought John Mayrant's answer to my inquiry, and at the sight of his handwriting I thoughtlessly exclaimed to my Aunt that here at last we had all there was to be known concerning the Bombos in South Carolina; with this I tore open the missive and embarked upon a reading of it for the edification of all present. I pass over the beginning of John's communication because it was merely the observations of a man upon his honeymoon, and was confined to laudatory accounts of scenery and weather, and the

Model K



The Fully-Finished Car.

MANY Cars reach the Purchaser about 99 per cent complete.

And the missing *one* per cent may cause the disabling of the remaining 99 per cent for most of the season.

Because "finish" on a Motor Car does *not* mean merely *appearance*.

For instance, the "finish" of a cylinder, a piston, or a transmission gear, may mean *insufficient smoothing* of their friction surfaces.

This may seem, at first sight, trifling enough in itself. But a Car sent out in a hurry may have (we'll say,) the interior wall of one of its four cylinders poorly finished—*insufficiently* smoothed.

What is the result?

When the motor runs at high speed, on a bit of road-racing, perhaps, that rough-surfaced cylinder will *heat up* quicker than the others.

Then the piston may stick in it, through expansion of the metal, and the Crank-shaft thus become twisted, or the Connecting Rod broken. Then you're due for a tow home and a considerable bill at the Repair Shop.

All because the Makers neglected to *sufficiently* finish that *one* cylinder or piston, or even a part of either.

• • • •

A Car which is perfectly correct in design, material and workmanship may thus be *disabled* by a trifling *neglect* of the Maker in final finish.

Or, the use of a piece of steel with a hidden *flaw* in its centre may cause serious accident and a heavy repair bill.

Most Car Builders are open to the charge of *insufficient* finish.

But *we* are not going to be forced by any trade condition to put a single Car on the market prematurely.

And no type of Winton Car shall be made in quantity, *for sale*, till the first trial Cars of that type shall have had thousands of miles of *road test*.

Nor shall any metal for Frames, Axles, Crank-shafts, Connecting-rods, etc., be *accepted* from the Steel Mills till we have *tested* it fully for *strength* and *soundness* on our new Riehle Testing Machine.

And because of all this, the new Model K Winton goes on the market a model of *Reliability* after a series of *road tests* and inspections, that guard against any latent defect in material, workmanship, or finish.

This *extreme care* and *refinement of finish*, takes time, and costs us money, of course.

But every Winton Model K that leaves our factory will be as nearly perfect, when it leaves, as human precaution can make it.

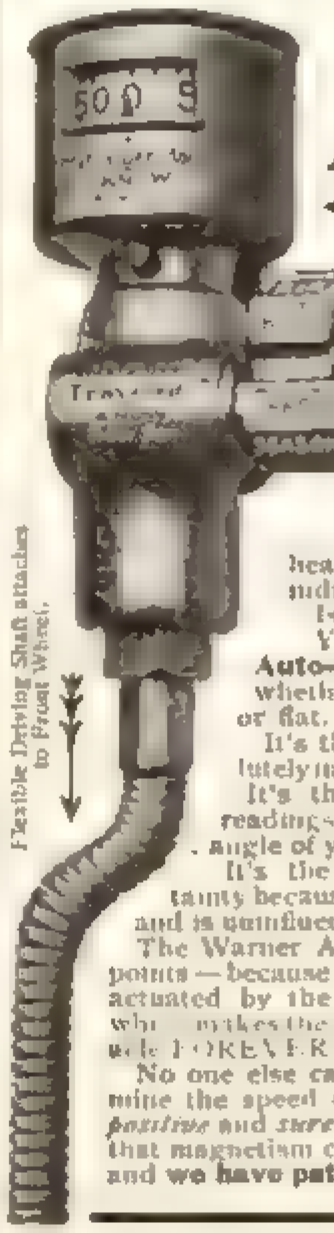
That will practically eliminate *repair bills* for Winton Owners.

And repair bills thus *saved* will soon amount to more than the difference between the first cost to you of a cheap Car and a repairless Winton Model K.

• • • •

The Winton Model K—
—Vertical 4-cylinder motor, instantly accessible.
—Thirty Horse-power or better.
—Self-starting from the driver's seat, without "cranking."
—Winton flexible Pneumatic Speed-Control which gives you 4 miles an hour to 50 miles, on the high-speed clutch, by the mere pressure of your foot *without touching a lever*.
—Winton Twin-springs that adjust automatically to light loads or heavy loads, on rough or smooth roads.
—Big 34-inch by 4-inch tires on toughest 12-spoke artillery wheels.
—Front Axles of Manganese Bronze cast in one seamless piece *without welding*, with ball thrust collars on Steering Knuckles.
—Rear axle of the "floating type," having tensile strength of 100,000 to 110,000 lbs. to square inch.
This Axle, Differential Gear, and Differential Bearings can be removed without the use of Jack or Pit, the Car remaining supported on the wheels by a hollow drawn steel tube surrounding axle.
—Roller bearings, and alignment of bevel gears [illegible] table.
—New Automatic Compensating Carburetor.
—Infallible Ignition System.
—Luxurious Tonneau, splendidly upholstered with finest springs and with novel comfort features.
—Price, $2 500 and only *one* type made this season. Compare it with the best $3,500 Car on the market. "Auto Book" ready. Want a copy? Write to The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Department M., Cleveland, Ohio.

ABSOLUTELY ACCURATE At ALL SPEEDS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Flexible Driving Shaft attaches to Front Wheel.

AN accurate speed and distance indicator is quite as necessary on your *Automobile* as a watch is in your *pocket*.

Furthermore it must be *absolutely dependable* under all conditions of heat, cold or position. Otherwise, a speed indicator is not worth the space it occupies. Isn't that so?

THE AUTO-METER

You can always depend on the **Warner Auto-Meter**, whether you go slow or fast, whether the road is rough or smooth, hilly or flat.

It's the only indicator which is *always* absolutely infallible at *speeds under ten miles per hour*.

It's the only indicator which gives correct readings in *any position*, no matter what the angle of your car.

It's the only indicator you can *read* with certainty because the dial changes with the *speed alone*, and is uninfluenced by the jar of the car.

The Warner Auto-Meter has all these *exclusive* good points—because it is the *only* speed indicator which is actuated by the same *fixed unchangeable Magnetism* which makes the Mariner's Compass reliable and dependable FOREVER under all conditions.

No one else can successfully use magnetism to determine the speed of an Automobile, though it's the only *positive* and *sure* way, because there is only just *one way* that magnetism can successfully be used for this purpose and **we have patented that way.**

The **WARNER AUTO-METER** will last a lifetime. It's as sensitive as a compass and as *solid as a rock*. It will withstand any shock that your *car* will stand without the *slightest injury* and without affecting its *accuracy* in the slightest degree.

That's why we can sell the Auto-Meter on a

Ten Years Guarantee

and will gladly renew any Auto-Meter (which has not been injured by accident) if the Magnet (the HEART of the instrument) is more than *1-10 of 1%* incorrect after *10 years use*.

We will gladly tell you more about this wonderful instrument if you will write us, and at the same time will send you something every motorist will prize—our

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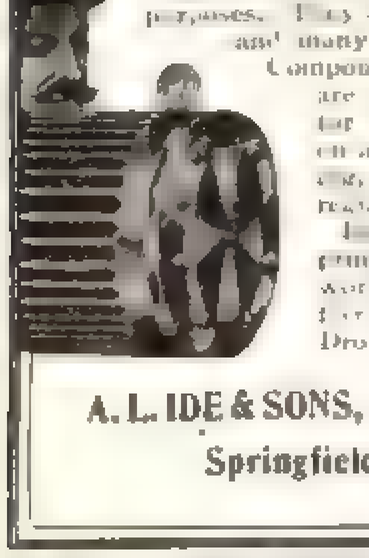
Balance a Dollar

Shooting an apple from a boy's head is a steady job. If an engine shakes under a heavy load, it is a matter of time only, until something lets go. We are now speaking especially of high speed engines, although the same holds good with all.

A perfect engine would be one with no noise or vibration *absolutely*. We have never built a perfect engine in all these eighteen years. But Ideal Engines, high speed, border so closely onto perfection that a silver dollar will stand upon the cyl[illegible] under test. [illegible] over and over. Ideal Engines are built for general power purposes. They are built in all sizes and many styles. The Ideal Compound direct connected are extremely popular for electrical purposes on account of fuel saving, simplicity and regulation. [illegible] agents in all principal cities in the world. Prices and [illegible] by mail. Drop a line to



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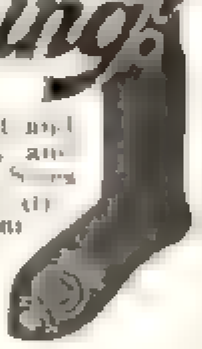
Stop Darning!

Men's Holeproof Sox

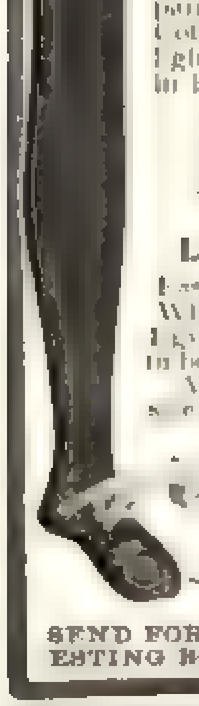
Fast colors, Black, Tan (light and dark), Pearl, Navy Blue, and Black legs with White feet. Sizes 9 to 12. Two grades: Worsted, medium weight. Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs for $2.00. Cotton, medium and light weight. Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs for $1.50.



Holeproof Hosiery

Ladies' Holeproof Stockings

Fast colors: Black, Black legs with White feet, and Tan. Medium weight Egyptian Cotton. Sizes 8 to 11. Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs for $[illegible]. All shipping charges prepaid. One size only in a box. State size and [illegible] when ordering. We guarantee Holeproof Hosiery against holes for 6 months. [illegible] within 6 months from date of sale will be replaced by new ones.



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THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, O.
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STOP WASTING GASOLINE!

A weak, uncertain current, such as the average battery gives, wastes [illegible] Get an Apple Automatic Sparker [illegible] No batteries for starting or running. It furnishes a strong, healthy spark all the time. Write us for more information, and see us at Chicago Auto Show. The Dayton Electrical Mfg Co., 123 Beaver Bldg, Dayton, Ohio

The Apple Automatic Sparker

beauty of all life when once one saw it with his eyes truly opened.

"No Bombos ever came to Carolina," he now continued, "that I know of, or that Aunt Josephine knows of, which is more to the point. Aunt Josephine has copied me a passage from the writings of William Byrd, Esq., of Westover, Virginia, in which mention is made, not of the family, but of a rum punch which seems to have been concocted first by Admiral Bombo, from a New England brand of rum so very deadly that it was not inaptly styled 'kill-devil' by the early planters of the colony. That the punch drifted to Carolina and still survives there you have reason to know. Therefore if any remote ancestors of yours contracted an alliance with Kill-devil Bombo, I can imagine no resulting offspring of such union but a series of severe attacks of——"

"*What?*" interrupted Aunt Carola at this point, in her most formidable voice "What's that stuff you're reading, Augustus?"

I shook in my shoes. "Why, Aunt, it's John ——"

"Not another word, sir! And never let me hear his name again. To think—to think ——" But here Aunt Carola's face grew extremely red, and she choked so decidedly that Uncle Andrew poured her a glass of water.

The rest of our luncheon was conducted with remarkable solemnity.

As we were rising from table my Aunt said:

"It was high time, Augustus, that you came home. You seem to have got into very strange company down there."

This was the last reference to the Bombos that my Aunt ever made in my hearing. Of course it is preposterous to suppose that she traces her descent from a king through a mere bowl of punch, and her being still the president of the Selected Salic Scions is proof irrefutable that her claim rests upon a more solid foundation.

XXIV -POSTSCRIPTUM

I THINK that John Mayrant, Jr., is going to look like his mother. I was very glad to be present when he was christened, and at this ceremony I did not feel as I had felt the year before at the wedding; for then I had known well enough that if the old ladies found any blemish on that occasion, it was my being there! To them I must remain forever a "Yankee," a wall perfectly imaginary and perfectly real between us; and the fact that young John could take any other view of me was to them a sign of that "radical" tendency in him which they were able to forgive solely because he was of the younger generation and didn't know any better.

And with these thoughts in my mind, and remembering a certain very grave talk I had once held with Eliza in the Exchange about the North and South, in which it was my good fortune to make her see that there is on our soil nowadays such a being as an American who feels wherever he goes in our native land that it is all his, and that he belongs everywhere to it, I looked at the little John Mayrant and then I said to his mother:

"And will you teach him Dixie and Yankee Doodle as well?"

But Eliza smiled at me with friendly, inscrutable eyes.

"Oh," said John, "you mustn't ask too much of the ladies. I'll see to all that."

Perhaps he will. And an education at Harvard College need not cause the boy to forget his race, or his name, or his traditions, but only to value them more, as they should be valued. And the way that they should be valued is this: that the boy in thinking of them should say to himself, "I am proud of my ancestors; let my life make them proud of me."

But, in any case, is it not pleasant to think of the boy being brought up by Eliza, and not by Hortense?

And so my portrait of Kings Port is finished.

That the likeness is not perfect I am only too sensible. No painter that I have heard of ever satisfies the whole family. But, should any of the St. Michaels see this picture, I trust they may observe that if some of the touches are faulty, true admiration and love of his subject animated the artist's hand; and if Miss Josephine St. Michael should be pleased with any of it, I could wish that she might indicate this by sending me a Lady Baltimore; we have no cake here that approaches it.

(THE END)

I AM RESOLVED

POPE Waverley ELECTRIC

Model 26 C, Price $1450,
has removable coupé top, making an ideal carriage for winter and summer.

I am resolved that I will not allow my business to crowd all the joyousness out of my life during the coming year.
I am resolved that I shall give myself and my family all the happiness I can, even if it costs me a little money to do it.
I am resolved that I shall get out into the sunshine, fill my lungs with fresh air; and let both the air and the sunshine filter through my whole being.
I am resolved that I shall eschew street cars and that my journeys to and from my business shall be made a source of health and pleasure instead of an annoyance and an exasperation.
In order to bring about this change in my manner of living I am resolved that I shall buy a POPE Waverley ELECTRIC
I believe it will bring me closer to my wife and little ones; I believe it will bring me closer to health and to nature and I am satisfied that the first small cost will be repaid to each one of us over and over again.
Therefore I say I am resolved to buy a Pope-Waverly Electric and I shall write this day for their catalogue.

POPE Waverley AUTOMOBILES

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Send inquiries from Pacific Coast to Pope Manufacturing Company of California, 451 Mission Street, San Francisco

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TO indifference and prejudice the world can trace most of its losses. We have fought prejudice, unprincipled imitators, injustice. The result is that to-day thousands of leading merchants throughout this broad land heartily indorse us.

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As a Spot Cash Trade Producer and a New Trade Getter it has no equal.

With actual resources of over One Million Dollars (much more than all other Trading Stamp companies combined) we have never been charged—never can be—with a broken promise (ask Dun or Bradstreet).

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This splendid outfit [illegible] Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-action Bulb, Metal Union Cork Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two Pieces [illegible] Practice Wood, and full directions, all in neat [illegible] [illegible] get it, then pay our special price. When cash accompanies order we [illegible] free, our 84 P. Pelican Instruction Handbook [illegible] Write today for [illegible] FREE [illegible] 1800 Gibson and other [illegible] Pyrography outfits and supplies at lowest prices.

TRADE T&C CHICAGO MARK
THAYER & CHANDLER
160-164 W. Jackson Boulevard, CHICAGO
"Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World."

(Continued from Page 8)

Billy Fortune Takes a "Re-spite"

good sport, when you feel like it—lights, and fiddles, and guitars, and pretty girls, and everybody feeling just right. They must have begun early that night, because they was all a-going when we got there, tearing it off in big chunks and enjoying it fine, with the old folks and the half-naked kids sitting around the outside and looking on. It was great; only it seemed as if I'd kind of lost interest somehow. Mister Señor Don Pedro, he was standing beside me, explaining it all out to me, with his arm hooked in mine as friendly as a couple of strange pups; and I was laughing in all the wrong places and keeping my eye skinned for Francesca. "If she's here," thinks I, "there's liable to be some swift doings." But I couldn't see her, and I began to have a thankful feeling that she wasn't coming. A man's certainly a funny critter.

Then all of a sudden Mister Señor Don Pedro fetched a long breath and squeezed my arm.

"Ah!" says he. "It is she!"

Yes, that's right; it was her. In a minute here he come, leading her over to me; and this sounds something like what he was saying to her:

"I am make myself the proud, señorita, to make you the presentment to the Señor Americano again that you do already know the honor and distinct to know—my fond friend el presidente of the Box-X University of America. Señor Fortune—la Señorita Lopez."

When I'm a million years old, if anybody says "angel" I'll just have to think of Francesca the way she looked then. She'd shucked her plain school frock, and she had on some kind of a black lace contraption with the sleeves left out and nothing over her shoulders to speak of except a pair of black lace suspenders, and her skin was the color of a fresh, warm pailful of Jersey milk. The raspberries and cream I was telling you about—they was gone, too: her cheeks was a couple of scarlet geraniums, and her eyes was two pitch-pine bonfires with the fire showing through the thick, black smoke. She was—Oh, hush, hush!

I was struck so dumb I couldn't say a word; but Pete he was keeping right on with his talk.

"Señor," says he, "will you give la señorita the joyful of this dance?"

I couldn't help it. If it had been the last act I'd have had to do it, I expect. Francesca didn't say nothing; she just held up her round arms, waiting for me to take her, with her eyes daring me and her body stooping towards me. You can see I had to do it.

I didn't rightly get the good of that dance. I was too woozy, like being only half awake and not knowing whether you're dreaming or what. I couldn't think of a blessed thing to say, and I wouldn't have wanted to say it if I'd thought of it. I looked down at her once, and those two eyes of hers was blazing at mine and her red lips with a kind of a teasing laugh. I stooped over till my cheek touched her soft, black hair; and then the rest of the time I just gritted my teeth and looked straight in front of me, praying for the music to quit and let me go.

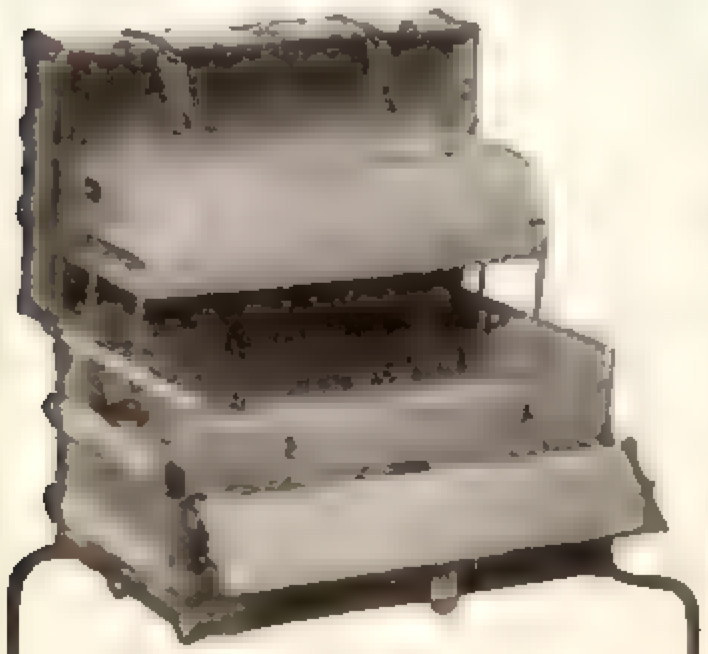
It seemed like a week before them fiddles eased off. "Thank Heaven!" says I; and with that I took Francesca back to where the Pedro lad stood waiting for us, all smiling and friendly.

"Now that's over," says I to myself; but it wasn't. Besides being an angel, she must have been some kind of a devil, too, that girl, because she lifted her hand, and, smash!—there was an eggshell took me right in the middle of the forehead, busting and scattering a lot of perfumery all over me; and then she started to run, laughing back at me over her shoulder.

I knew what it meant; I'd played that game before, down yonder in them Arizona 'dobe towns. I looked at Pedro. He was laughing and clapping his hands.

"Go, señor!" says he. "It is the privilege of you to kiss when the lady is catch! Go!"

Well, I caught her. I chased her clear across the room and back again, with the people all crowding against the wall to give us a clear trail. She was all out of breath and shaking when I got my arms around her, and she ducked her pretty face down against my shirt. But I made her lift it up again, and then I kissed her fair on the lips, with



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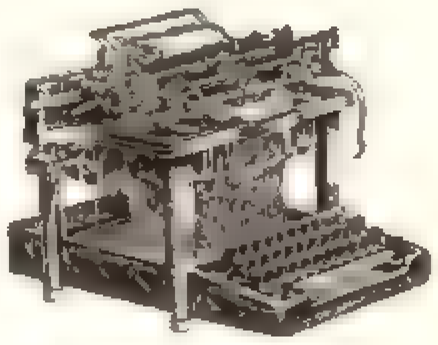

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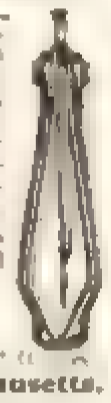

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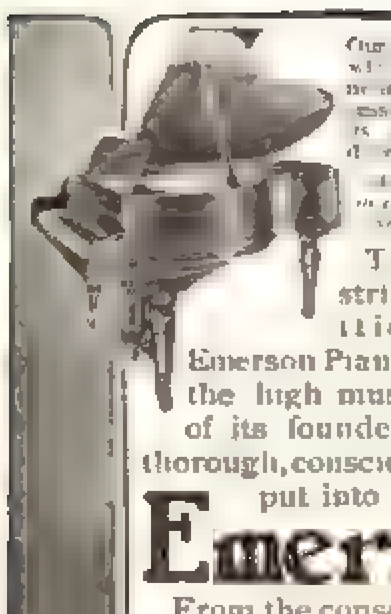

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the smell of her hair and her breath and the perfumery making me crazy drunk.

When I let her go the room was whirling around like it was crazy drunk, too. I felt the Pedro man clap me on the back. "Good!" he says. "Much good!"

I was all in a cold sweat. "Gee whiz, it's hot!" says I; and I reached for my handkerchief in my shirt-pocket and pulled it out. It don't take much of a wizard to know what happened then. I jerked the picture out, too, and it fell down on the floor, flop, face up, right in front of him. Before I could think, he'd bent down and picked it up. "With the ardent love of Francesca Lopez!" There it was. He looked at it, and then he throwed it down again and set his foot on it, looking at me, with his feelings coming back on him fierce.

"Liar!" says he, in between his teeth; and, bing!—he catches me with the flat of his hand across my face. "Liar of infamy!" says he; "I am kill you!" He'd fished a knife out of his clothes from somewhere, and he was coming at me, crouched over and with the light shining on the blade.

I expect I'd ought to have let him stick it into me. I can't just explain why I didn't. I didn't have no knife nor nothing else; but when he was right on to me my good old Wyoming fist landed up under his whiskers and he went over backward on the floor, with me a-straddle of him with my fingers in his collar and holding his arms down with my knees. "Lay still!" says I; and he never moved. The best way in the world to take the fighting heart out of them foreigners is with your fist.

And then, what do you reckon? There was Francesca down beside me on her knees in her lace dress, with her two arms hugged around me and her face the color of a big piece of chalk. "Oh, oh, oh!" she was saying. "You will not kill him! Spare him to me! You will not kill him!"

It come to me then. "Look here, Francesca," says I. "Honest, now, do you love this chap?"

She flared up red again, but she kept her nerve. "Yes," says she. "Oh, I have been cruel to him—without a heart—selfish and cruel, like a fiend! But I love him."

"That's on the level, is it?" says I. "Do you love him well enough to marry him if I let him live?"

"Yes," says she.

"All right," says I. "Now, where's there some kind of a preacher? Send somebody after him, quick."

"Oh, no, no!" she says. "Not now. To-morrow—sometime—not now."

"Yes, now," says I. "I'm running this show. If there ain't a preacher here in five minutes I'll choke the life out of him." And I give a little extra twist on his collar. "Send for him, quick!" says I.

And pretty soon here he come—a short, wide man in a black wrapper, with a big gold cross swinging down in front. I got him to understand what I wanted, and then we had a wedding, right there. There wasn't never another wedding like it anywhere in this world. I was scared to let old Pedro up till it was over, and so he was married laying on his back on the floor, with me a-straddle of him, and with Francesca on her knees beside him in her party dress. The man in the wrapper balked some; but it didn't do him no good. Then I got up off his stomach and helped him on his feet and brushed the dust off his clothes.

"Now," says I, "if you think we're square you can shake on it."

He seemed awful absent-minded about it, like he hadn't got it through him yet; but he shook. Then I reached down for what was left of my wad, and I peeled off a few and put 'em in Francesca's little soft hand.

"You take it," says I. "It ain't from me; it's a wedding present from Box-X University."

She didn't like to, but I made her. I'm always willing to pay for my fun.

I hunted up Miguel and sent him to fetch the horses.

"Cuba's a lovely place for a re-spite," says I; "but we've had ourn, Billy, full up." And then, just joshing myself, I says: "Where's the girl you was going to take with you on the back-track? Nop," says I. "I expect she couldn't hardly stand them Wyoming winters; she belongs in a warm climate."

No, of course the thing hadn't turned out the way I'd expected; but, then, that's the way I always expect things to turn out. And see here: Hadn't I kissed the girl and licked the man? Ain't that enough to satisfy a reasonable man?

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An Extinct Race

(Continued from Page 6)

younger had a bright mulatto son, whose father was said to be a French count. Judging by the son, it must have been Count "No Account." He was presented to me, but I never enjoyed my possession. The elder two, having family attachments in Richmond, were left there until we went to live there. The younger became my mother's nurse, she being an invalid.

It was a remarkable family. Harry became my father's coachman during his term as Governor, and a famous one he was. When we left Richmond Harry returned to his work in a tobacco factory where he was a master workman. When the war ended he attached himself to my father's household. At first he demanded no wages. He was a philosopher and very sententious in his utterances. My father was devoted to Harry and took great delight in repeating the way in which Harry employed himself after the war. One day the servant reported that Harry was in the hall and wanted to speak to the General.

"I've come to work fer you," said he.

"Why, Harry, I've nothing for you to do and nothing to pay you with if I had."

"Dat ean't nothin'," said Harry. "Thar's plenty to do—knives to clean—marketin' shoes to black—office to clean—plenty. I owes you work. You owes me vittles and clothes. Dat's all."

So the bargain was struck in 1865 and never broken until 1876, when my father died. For ten years Governor Wise might be seen every morning going to market with a black giant and a little Scotch terrier

From time to time Harry raised his wages as times improved. It generally came in this wise

"I ean't gittin' 'nough pay."

"How much more do you want?"

"Two dollars more a month."

"All right!"

And so it went on until Mr. Pollard was getting as good wages as anybody. How old he was nobody knew. He had carried my mother to school on his back and she was over seventy.

When I went to Richmond, after graduating in law, Harry was among the first to speak.

"I cleans yo' office!" said he briefly, not even asking if he might.

"How much?"

"Three dollars a month to start—mo' when you gits mo'."

"Go ahead."

My tariff gradually increased.

Choosing a New Employer

When my father died, in 1876, Harry moved himself bag and baggage to my house. "You pays my wages from now on," said he. And so it was.

My children were splendidly dominated by him. He seldom spoke, but when he did they heard him and obeyed. He had a curious scale of compensation as he grew older.

"I'm gittin' too old" to do so and so, he would say, "and you mus' git somebody else to do it."

"All right, old man."

"But dat ean't all. I want two dollars a month mo' wages. I cain't git on wid less."

So as he fell back in work he invariably increased his wages; and nobody grumbled. He would never sleep on the lot either at my father's or my house—always rented a room at a distance. The only reason he gave was: "Don't want to be bothered nights."

One day I missed him. The message came that he was ill. I went to see him and knew his time was come. It was in the early eighties. I shook his hand and returned again that evening to find him unconscious. He died, and all my family attended his funeral.

Everybody in Richmond knew Harry and everybody respected him. It seems that he never joined the church. Imagine our horror when, at the funeral, the black preacher made his failure to "confess God before men" the excuse for giving his dead body the worst metaphorical lambasting I ever heard. We were all so indignant that we wanted to leave the church.

This was the last of our slaves. But I still have a black cook who has been with me twenty-two years. She was never our slave. We are hers. She is of Senegambian extraction. Her family belonged to the Michaux's of Powhatan. She says her

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The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia, Pa.

ancestor was an African king and that she can prove it. I believe her, for she certainly has the spirit of domination developed highly enough to satisfy the needs of a queen

She is as full of superstitions as an egg is of meat, and all the darkies believe she can "conjure." When things are missing she calls for a pack of playing-cards and says she'll "cut" until she finds out who stole them. Next day the missing things are in their place.

Sometimes she gets so obstreperous that I discharge her. She goes off. But every time she comes back. The last time she went she said it was "for good and all." Pretty soon she was back. A neighbor said

"Halloa! You are back, are you? I thought you were gone for good this time."

"Yes, I thought so, too," said she, looking down and up coyly. "Mr. Wise cussed me an' I tole him I wouldn't stan' it. But, pshaw! He didn't mean nothin' by it. Dey wasn't happy 'dout me, and I wasn't happy 'dout dem. So here I is agin." And she burst out laughing, and went into the house singing like a bird.

I rather think she is right. I have lived in New York over seventeen years, but never have been satisfied with white servants. Still, with a few more deaths the race of blacks with whom I was born and reared will be gone from the face of the earth. I need not bother. I will be gone, too.

The Mark of Birth

The new race of Southern whites has no conception of how quickly we oldsters recognize, by the appearance of a negro, his African origin. Anybody can recognize a West Indian negro at a glance. But I speak of the African origin. The Guinea negro is round and fat and bullet-headed. The little, black, dish-faced and kinky-headed negroes are Senegambians. The great, dusky, quiet, dignified negroes with high cheekbones are Congos. When I was a child my father pointed out these racial characteristics to me and I always study them. When he was Minister to Brazil he studied the question closely in an effort to exterminate the slave trade, and I have often heard him say that nobody knew how many people in high position winked at the trade, or were even interested in it. Certain it is that his energetic assault upon it aroused great opposition to him in certain quarters whence it was least to be expected, and he believed that his departure from Brazil was a great relief to parties who were not known as interested in the slave trade.

Some time ago I saw a squadron of the Ninth Regular Cavalry (colored) at Kansas City. It is a magnificent body of men. I never saw handsomer specimens of black manhood. The Congo type easily predominates among the non-commissioned officers, but I saw one little Senegambian sergeant who looked as if he could "whip his weight in wild cats." I met a jolly commanding officer of the command one night and told him what I had been doing. I said I had seen a dozen of his men who would have sold for $2500 "before the war," and finished by the following story:

The Honorable John Y. Mason, of Virginia, was Minister to France about 1856. He and Louis Napoleon were warm friends. They played poker together. It was an accomplishment that Napoleon III learned while he was an exile in America. They taught the Duke de Malakoff and Count de Castellane to play, and won all their money. Louis Napoleon was a gloomy man without much sense of humor, but a standing joke with Napoleon was to insist on introducing Mr. Mason to the Haytian Minister. Mr. Mason always refused. One night at a ball at the Tuileries the Emperor came up and said:

"Ah, Mr. Mason, may I not introduce you *now* to ze Haytian Minister?"

"No, thank you, Sire," said Mr. Mason.

"Mais! Have you seen heem to-night? Is he not magnifique?"

The old Virginian looked at the black Ambassador and his resplendent uniform and said:

"Sire, I think that, *clothes and all*, he'd fetch $1000."

But I do not intend this witticism to reflect on that magnificent body of soldiers. Never in all my life did I see a better command, or one I would trust more implicitly to sustain, as it has done heretofore, the glory of our Flag.

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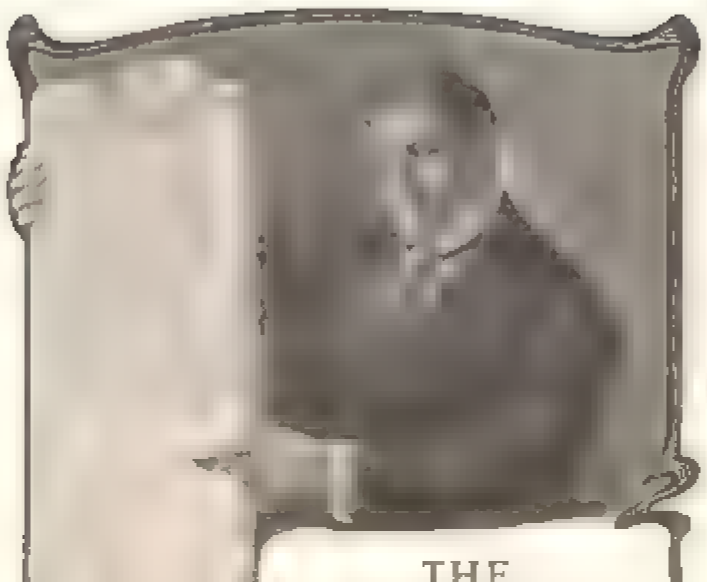

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The False Gods

(Continued from Page 5)

He was trying to make up his mind to force things to some sort of a crisis, one morning, when Mrs. Athelstone called him to her desk and said rather sharply:

"You have been neglecting your work, Simpkins. Isis looks as if she hadn't been dusted since you came."

This was the fact. Simpkins never passed the black altar without a backward glance, as if he were fearful of an attack from behind. And he had determined that nothing should tempt him to a tête-à-tête with the statue behind the veil. But having so senseless, so cowardly a feeling was one thing, and letting Mrs. Athelstone know it another. So he only replied:

"I'm very sorry; afraid I have been a little careless about the statue." And taking up a soft cloth he walked toward the altar.

It was quite dark behind the veil: so dark that he could see nothing at first. But after the moment in which his eyes grew accustomed to the change, he made out the vague lines of the statue in the faint light from above. He set to work about the pedestal, touching it gingerly at first, then more boldly. At length he looked up into the face, blurred in the half-light.

When he had finished with the pedestal he pulled himself up between the outstretched arms, and, perhaps a trifle hurriedly now, as he saw the face more distinctly, began to pass the cloth over the arms and back.

Then, quick as the strike of a snake, the arms crushed him against the stone breast. He could not move; he could not cry out; he could not breathe. The statue, seen from the level of the pedestal, had changed its whole expression. Hate glowed in its eyes; menace lived in every line of its face. The arms tightened slowly, inexorably; then, as quickly as they had closed, unclasped; and Simpkins half-slid, half-fell to the floor.

When the breath came back into his lungs and he found himself unharmed, he choked the cry on his lips, for in that same moment a suspicion floated half-formed through his brain. He forced himself to climb up on the pedestal again, and made a careful inspection of the statue—but from behind this time.

The arms were metal, cunningly enameled to the smoothness of the body, and jointed, though the joints were almost invisible. The statue was one of those marvelous mechanical creations with which the ancient priests tempted and punished the curiosity of the neophyte.

Though Simpkins could find no clew to the mechanism of the statue, he determined that during his struggles a lucky kick had touched the spring which relaxed the arms. "Did any one besides himself know their strength?" he asked himself, as he stepped out into the hall again. Mrs. Athelstone was bent over her desk, writing; Brander was yawning over a novel in his corner, and neither paid any attention to him. So he busied himself going over the mummy cases, and by the time he had worked around to the two beside Mrs. Athelstone he had himself well in hand, outwardly. But he was still so shaken internally that he knocked the black case rather roughly.

"What way is that to treat a king?" demanded Mrs. Athelstone; and the anger in her voice was so real that Simpkins, startled, blundered out:

"I really meant no disrespect. Very careless of me, I'm sure." He looked so distressed that Mrs. Athelstone's anger melted in a delicious little laugh as she answered:

"Really, Simpkins, you mustn't be so bungling. These mummies are priceless." And she got up and made a careful inspection of the case.

Simpkins, rather crestfallen, went back to his desk and began to address circulars, his brain busy with the shadow which had crept into it. But there was nothing to make it more tangible, everything to dispel it, and he was forced to own as much. "It's a lovely little cozy corner," was his final conclusion; "but keep out of it, Simp., old boy. These mechanical huggers are great stuff, but they're too strong for a fellow that's been raised on Boston girls."

V

MRS. ATHELSTONE was not in the office when he came down the next day—she had gone to Washington on the

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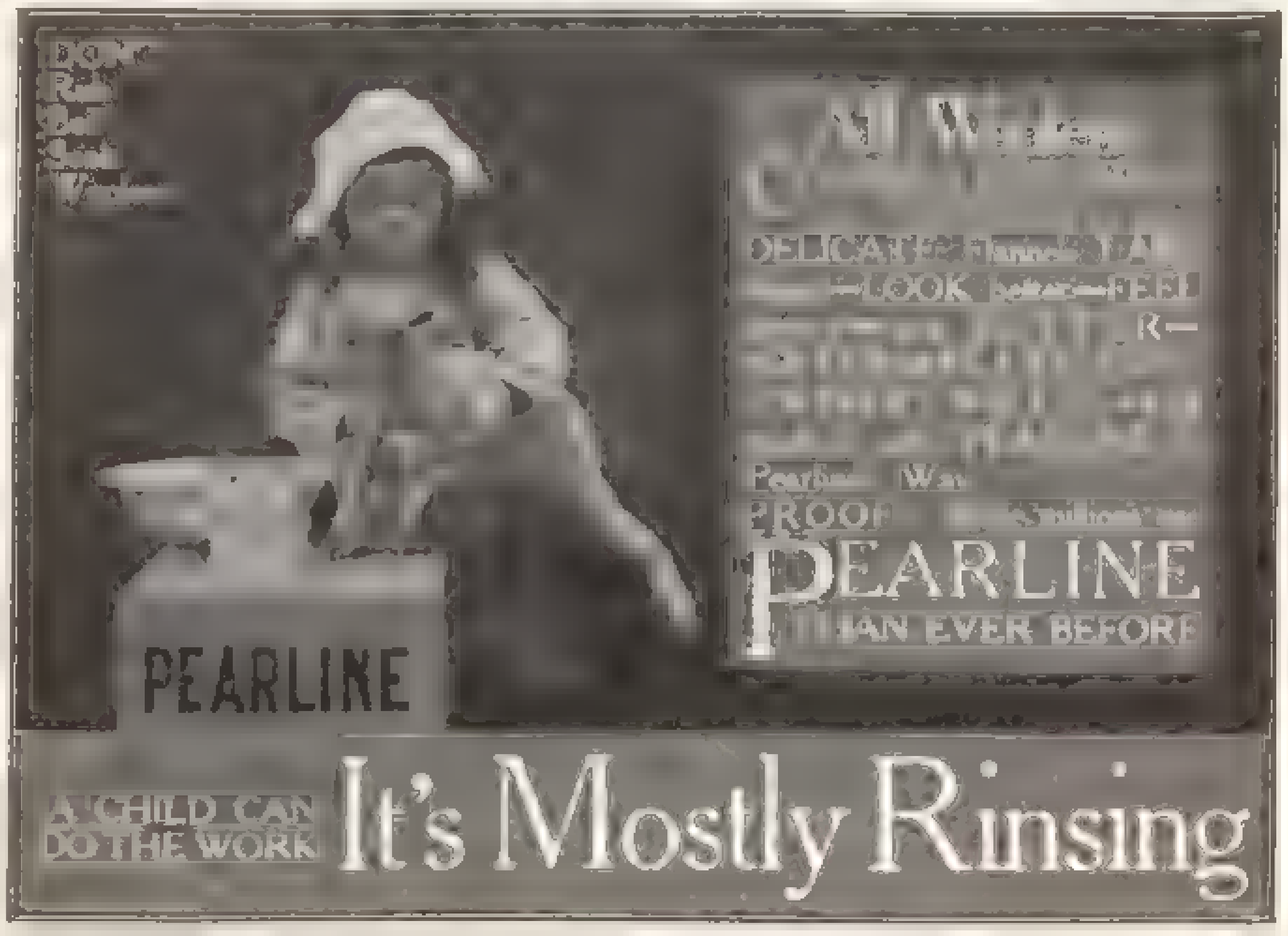

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Society's affairs, Brander said—and so he moped about, finding the place dreary without her brightening presence. In fact, when Brander went out he slipped into the sun-lit antechamber, for companionship, he told himself; but in his heart he knew that he did not want to be alone with that thing behind the altar. He had satisfactorily explained its mechanism to himself, but there was something else about it which he could not explain.

Naylor had telegraphed that very morning: "Get story. Come home. What do you think you're doing?" and he tried to make up his mind to end the whole affair by taking the night train to Boston. But he hated to go back empty-handed from a four days' assignment. Besides, though he knew himself a fool for it, he wanted to see Mrs. Athelstone again.

So it happened that he was lingering on in the outer office when the postman threw the afternoon mail on the desk. Simpkins was alone at the moment, and he ran over the letters carelessly until he came to one addressed to Brander in Mrs. Athelstone's writing. The blue card of the palace car company was in a corner of the envelope.

"Why the deuce is she writing that skunk before she's well out of town?" he thought, scanning the envelope with jealous eyes. Then he held it up to the light, but the thick paper told nothing of what was within. Frowning, he laid the letter down, fingered it, withdrew his itching hand, hesitated, and finally put it in his pocket.

Simpkins went straight from the office to his hotel, for, though he told himself that the letter contained some instructions which Mrs. Athelstone had forgotten to give Brander before leaving, he was anxious to see just how those instructions were worded. Alone in his little room, he ripped open the letter and ran over its two pages with bewilderment growing in his face. He finished by throwing it down on the table and exclaiming helplessly: "Well, I'll be darned!"

The first sheet, without beginning or ending, contained only a line in Mrs. Athelstone's handwriting, reading: "I had to leave in such a hurry that I missed seeing you."

There was not an intelligible word on the second sheet; it was simply a succession of scrawls and puerile outline pictures such as a child might have drawn.

To Simpkins' first aggrieved feeling that his confidence had been abused, the certainty that he had stumbled on something of importance quickly succeeded. He concluded a second and more careful scrutiny of the letter with the exclamation, "Cipher! all right, all right," and, after a third, he jumped up excitedly and rushed off to Columbia University.

An hour later, Professor Ashmore, whose well-known work on Hieratic Writings is so widely accepted an authority on that fascinating subject, looked across to Simpkins, who for some minutes had been sitting quietly in a corner of his study, and observed dryly:

"This is a queer jumble of hieroglyphics and hieratic writing, and is not, I should judge," and his eyes twinkled, "of any great antiquity."

"Quite right, Professor," Simpkins assented cheerfully. "The lady who wrote it is interested in Egyptology, and is trying to have a little fun with me."

"If I may judge from the letter, she seems to be interested in you as well," the professor went on smilingly. "In fact, it appears to be—ahem—a love-letter."

"Eh! What?" exclaimed Simpkins, suddenly serious. "Let's have it."

"Well, roughly, it goes something like this: 'My heart's dearest, my sun, my Nile duck—the hours are days without thee, the days an æon. The gods be thanked that this separation is not for long. For apart from thee I have no life. That thing that I have to do is about done. May the gods guard thee and the all-mother protect thee. I embrace thee: I kiss thine eyes and thy lips.' That's a fair translation, though one or two of the hieroglyphics are susceptible of a slightly different rendering; but the sense would not be materially affected by the change," the Professor concluded.

His words fell on inattentive ears; for Simpkins was sitting stunned under the revelation of the letter. Now that he had his story, he knew that he had not wanted it.

But he roused himself when he became conscious that the professor was peering at him curiously over the top of his glasses, and said:

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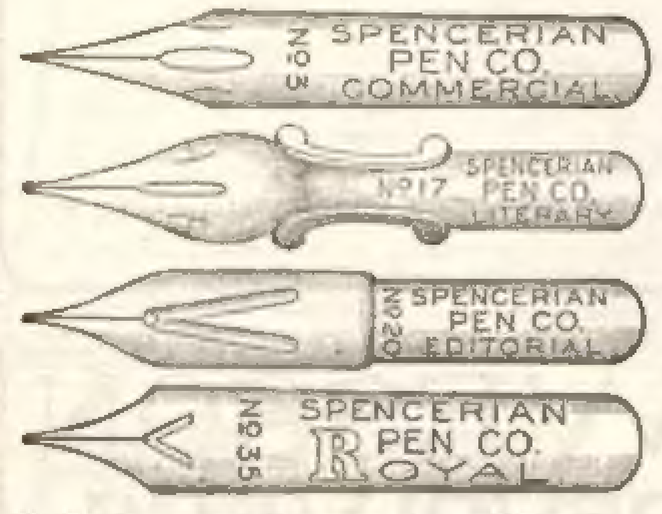
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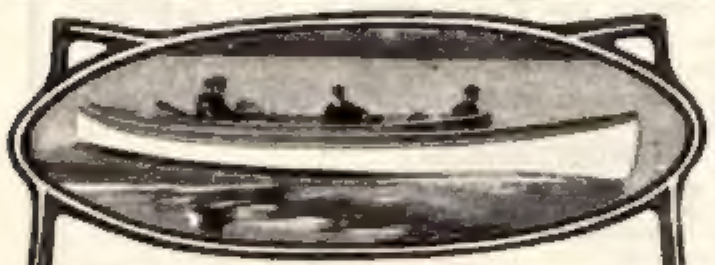

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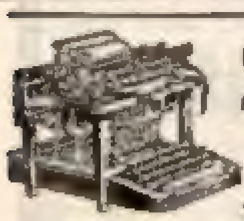

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"Pretty warm stuff, eh! Good josh! Great girl! Ought to know her. She's daft on this Egyptian business."

"Her letter is perhaps a trifle—er—impulsive," the professor answered. "But she combines the ancient and the modern charmingly. I congratulate you."

"Thanks, Professor," Simpkins answered awkwardly, and took his leave.

Once in the street, he plunged along, head down. It was worse than he had suspected. He had felt all along that the boy's surmises about Brander were correct; now he knew that his suspicions of Mrs. Athelstone were well founded. But he would keep her from that hypocrite, that hawk, that—murderer! Simpkins stopped short at the intrusion of that word. It had come without logic or reason, but he knew now that it had been shaping in his head for two days past. And once spoken, it began to justify itself. There was the motive, clear, distinct and proven; there were the means and the man.

Next morning Simpkins was earlier than usual at the Oriental Building, where he found the youth waiting for Brander to come and open up the inner office.

"Parson's late, eh?" he threw out by way of greeting.

"Always is," was the surly answer. "He's de 'rig'nal seven sleepers."

"Puts you behind with your cleaning, eh?"

"Naw; youse ought to know I don't do no cleanin'."

"You don't? I thought you tended to Mrs. Athelstone's rooms and—Mr. Brander's storeroom."

"Aw, go wan. I'm no second girl, an' the storeroom's never cleaned. There's nothin' to clean but a lot of stones an' bum mummies an' such."

"Brander can't sell much stuff; I never see anything being shipped."

"Oh! I don't know! We sent a couple of embammed dooks to Chicago last week."

"And last month?"

"Search me; seems as if dere was somethin' doin'." And just then Mr. Brander came along and the conversation ended. But Simpkins had found out what he wanted to know.

He decided that he must bring his plans to a head at once. Mrs. Athelstone was expected back the next day; he must search the storeroom that very night. If—well, he thought he could spoil one scoundrel.

He worked to good advantage during the day, and at nine o'clock that night, when he was back outside the Oriental Building, there were three new keys in his pocket.

He unlocked the door noiselessly, tiptoed up the staircase, and gained the friendly blackness of the antechamber quite unobserved. The watchman was half a block away, sitting by the only street entrance kept open at night.

Simpkins took off his shoes and found his sandals without striking a light, and then felt his way to the door leading into the hall. The knob rattled a little under his hand. All that evening he had been nerving himself to go in there alone and in the dark, but now he could have turned and run like a country boy passing a graveyard at night.

The hall was not utterly black, as he had expected. Light from the electric lamps without flickered through the stained-glass windows. Ghastly rays of yellow played over the painted faces on the walls and lit up the gilded features of the mummy by Mrs. Athelstone's desk. There were crimson spots, like blotches of blood, on the veil of Isis. And all about were moving shadows, creeping forward stealthily, falling back slowly, as the light without flared up or died down.

Step by step Simpkins advanced on the black altar, his muscles rigid, his nerves quivering, his eyes staring straight ahead, as a child stares into the dark for some awful shape which it fears to see, yet dares not leave unseen. Once past that altar he would be at the door of the storeroom.

How his heart was beating! He was almost on it. Steady! A few steps now and he would gain the storeroom. Good God! What was that!

In the blackness behind the altar two eyes flamed.

Simpkins stopped; he was helpless to turn or to advance. Perhaps if he did not move, it would not. A moment he stood there, tense with terror, then—straight from the altar the thing flew at his throat. But, quick as it was, the involuntary jerk of his arm upward was quicker, and it received the blow. Snarling, the thing fell to the floor, and leaped back into the darkness. It was Mrs. Athelstone's cat.

So strong was Simpkins' revulsion of feeling, so great his relief, that he forgot the real cause of his terror, and sank down on the very steps of the altar, weakly exclaiming over and over again: "Only the cat! Only the cat! Great Scott! how it frightened me!"

He had been sitting there for a few minutes when he heard a soft click, click, just to his right. Some one was turning a key in the door leading from Mrs. Athelstone's apartments. As he jumped to his feet he heard a hand turn the doorknob. He looked around for a hiding-place, ran a few steps from the altar, turned like a baited rat, and dove into the blackness behind the veil of Isis. There had been no time to choose; for hardly was he safe under cover and peeping out from between the folds of the veil than the door slowly swung open.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Thunderer's English

THE following are interesting examples of the iron-clad rules laid down by the London Times in its handbook setting forth its code of customs governing the grammar, spelling, punctuation, capitalization and phrasing to be used by its writers.

The reporter for the Thunderer is never allowed to say "under the circumstances." According to the Times, "in the circumstances" is the phrase to be used.

An ordinary sentence written by an amateur newspaper man would probably be ruthlessly blue-penciled by a Times sub-editor. The reporter might, perhaps, write something like this:

"Witness commenced by saying he had met deceased previous to going to Perkins'."

This is not a good sentence, but it would pass muster in most quarters. A Times sub-editor, however, would nearly faint at the sight of it, for, from his point of view, it contains no fewer than seven errors.

To begin with, the Times never refers to "witness," but to "the witness." Secondly, it never uses the word "commence," but always "begin." "By saying he had" suggests an omission—the word "that." "Deceased" is on the Times' black-list, and if reference is made to a person who has died, he is always mentioned as "the late Mr. Blank." From the standpoint of the Times, "previous to" is wrong. On the Times, it must either be "previously to" or simply "before." Furthermore, "to going" is colloquial, and, as such, will not do. The reporter must say "to his going." Finally, "Perkins'" would not be printed, as in using the possessive of a word ending in "s" the Times always adds another "s"—thus: "Perkins's."

When the sentence under consideration appeared in type it would read:

"The witness began by saying that he had met the late Mr. Blank previously to his going to Perkins's."

The word "applause," as frequently used in reports of speeches at a public meeting, is tabooed by the Times, which always employs the word "cheers." Another peculiarity of the Times' parliamentary reports is in the use of the first and third person. An ordinary speech by a private member or a lesser minister will be reported in the third person, thus: "Mr. Smith said that he had listened to the honorable member," etc. Had Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Lansdowne been speaking, the report would be given in the first person.

In writing of a blue-book, most British newspapers begin both words with a capital letter. The Times capitalizes "Blue" alone. To illustrate its peculiarities of spelling, "parsimony" is, according to the Times, "parcimony." The use of the word "I," except as uttered by a specified person, is black-listed, and a Times critic must always write in an "impersonal" fashion.

8–26
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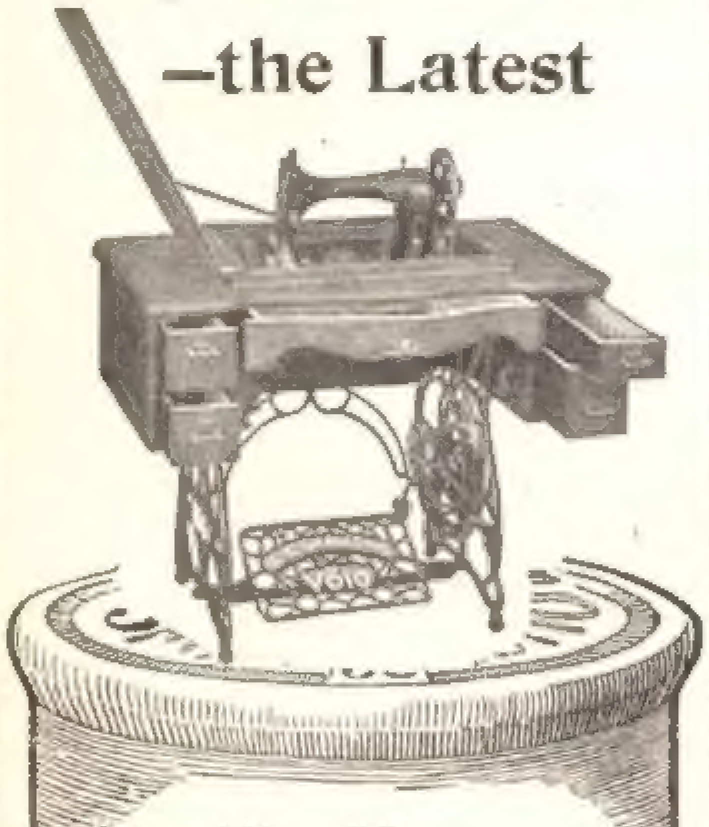

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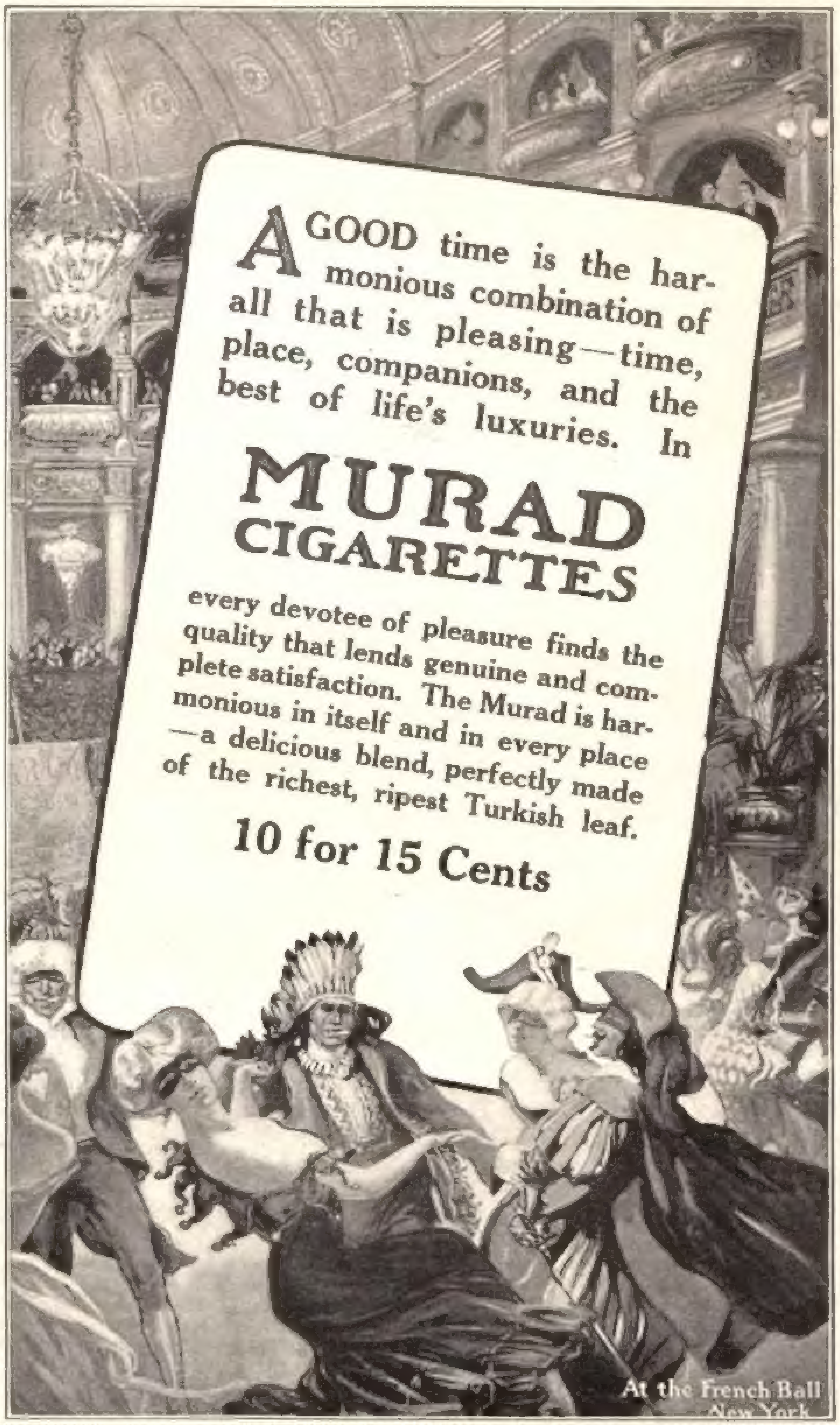

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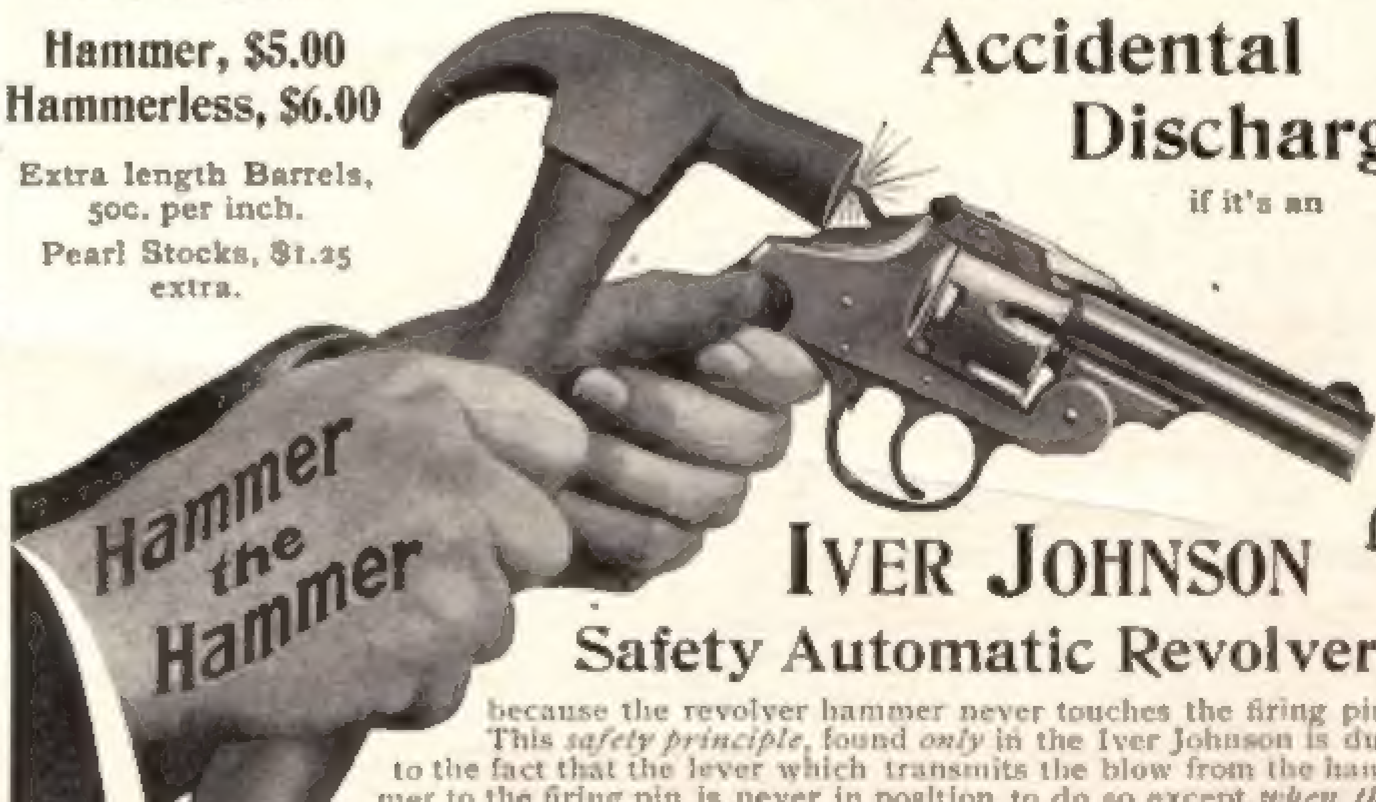

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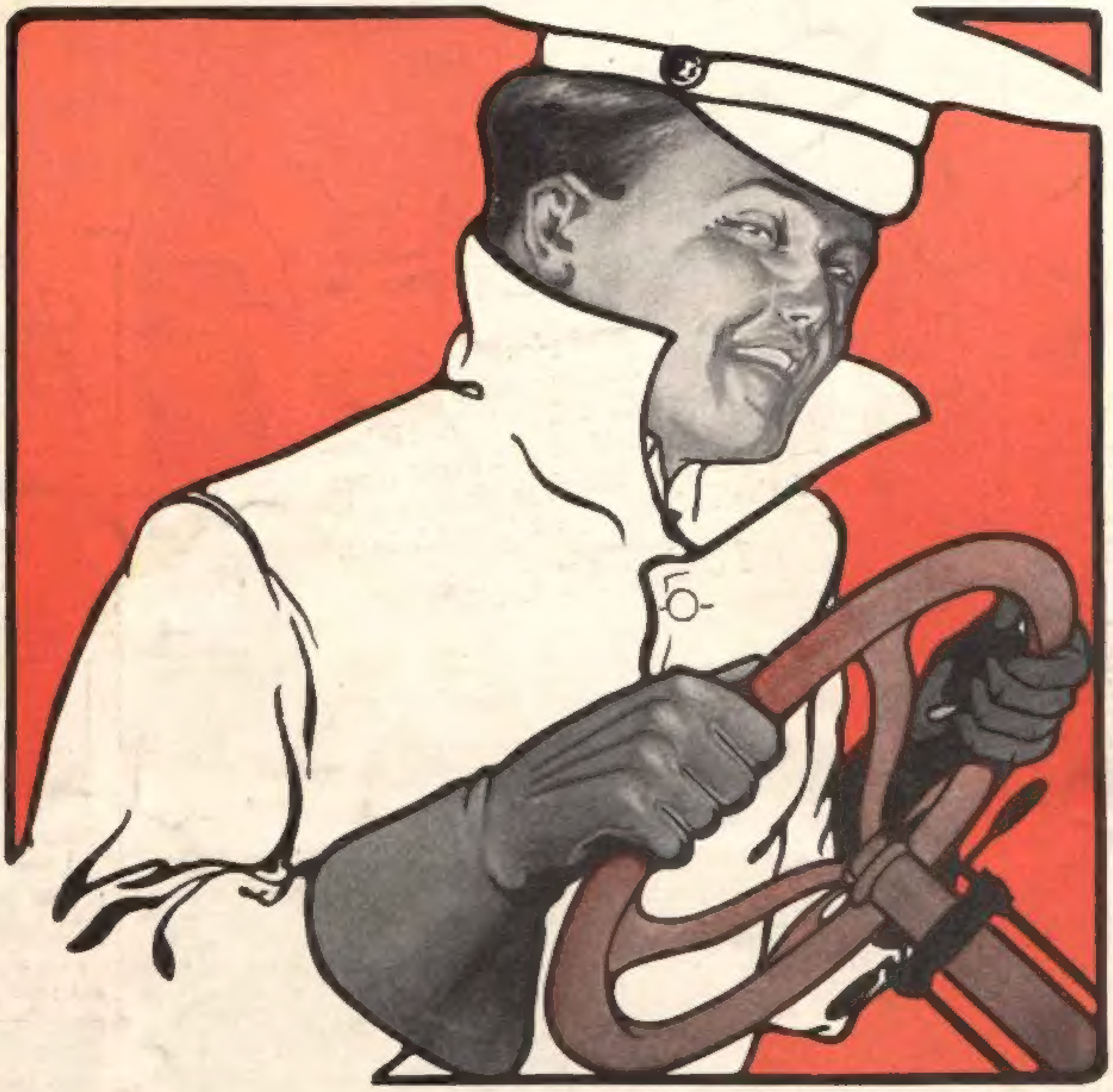

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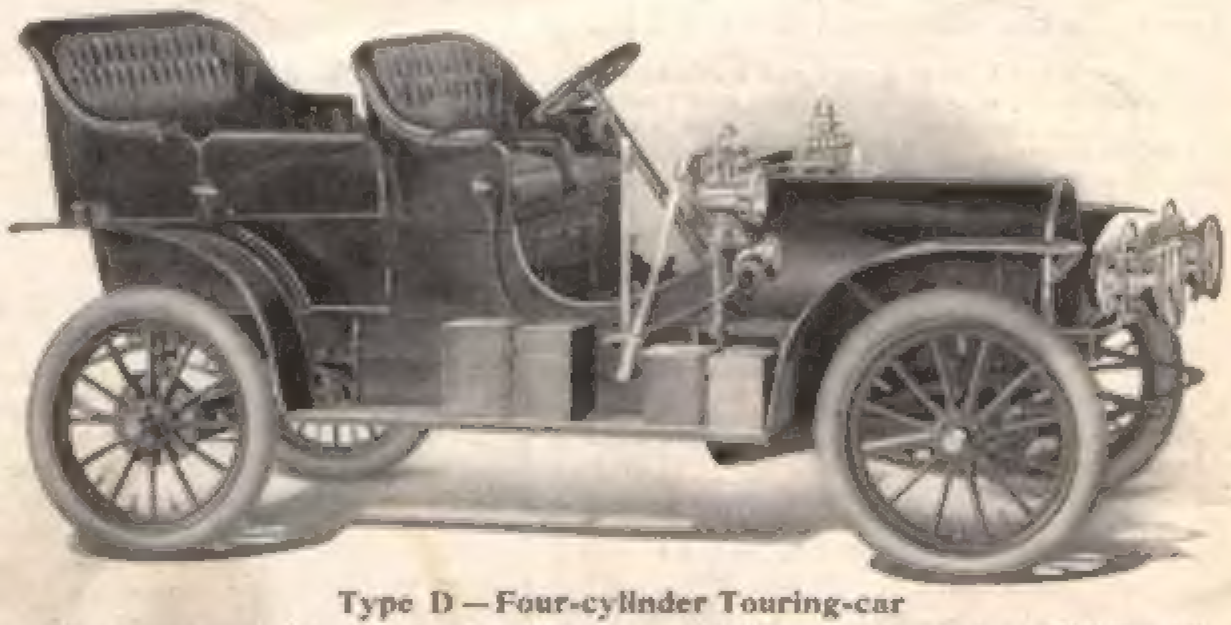

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